

Reader's

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digest

MARCH
2015

THE KEY TO POWER AGING

Why longevity is like a good
habit with some people **PAGE 80**

CHILDREN WHO WERE REBORN?

PAGE 116

DON'T GET CYBER-SCAMMED!

PAGE 148

DRAMA: LOST ON THE VOLCANO

PAGE 102

WHAT CANCER TAUGHT ME

PAGE 94

CLASSIC BOOK BONUS

ERIC LOMAX'S LONG JOURNEY

PAGE 134

KINDNESS OF STRANGERS	26
UP CLOSE: ANGELINA JOLIE	34
ADVICE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S <i>HAMLET</i>	42
PHOTO ESSAY: URBAN REFLECTIONS	88
YOUR AIRLINE PILOT MAY BE DRUNK!	156
ENRICH YOUR WORD POWER	161



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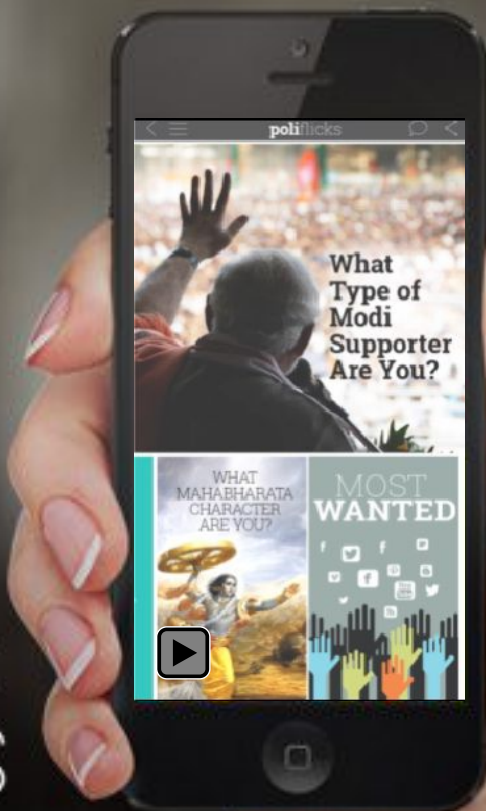


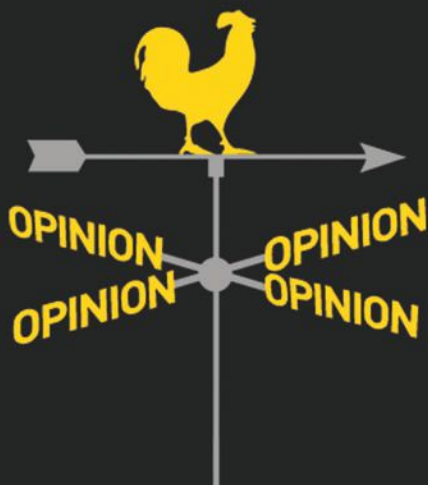
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Contents

MARCH 2015

Cover Story

80 THE POWER AGERS

What are the keys to healthy longevity?

BRUCE GRIERSON

Art & Culture

88 THE JOY OF AN URBAN REFLECTION

Chandu Mhatre's surreal photos from a city's glassy facades. MOHAN SIVANAND

My Story

94 WHAT CANCER TAUGHT ME

The scary diagnosis changes one man's outlook on life. GAURAV MASHRUWALA

Drama in Real Life

102 LOST ON THE VOLCANO

The solo hike seemed a perfect adventure until a snowstorm hit.

ALBERT SAMAHA, FROM *THE VILLAGE VOICE*

Medical Miracle

110 A FEW SLURRED WORDS

A stroke victim gets help from an unlikely stranger 400km away. HELEN SIGNY

Changed Lives

116 THE CHILDREN WHO'VE LIVED BEFORE?

Remarkable stories that claim to be cases of rebirth.

STACY HORN

Travel

124 THROUGH EUROPE, BY BOAT

The 1400-km river cruise reveals beauty and history. WILLIAM ECENBARGER

RD Classic Bonus Read

134 ERIC LOMAX'S LONG JOURNEY

After decades, a POW meets his World War II tormentor. Would it be revenge or forgiveness? PAUL EHRLICH



P. | 94



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10 Editor's Note 14 Letters



READER FAVOURITES

- 44 Points to Ponder
- 52 See the World ... Differently
- 56 Laughter, the Best Medicine
- 76 All in a Day's Work
- 101 Humour in Uniform
- 115 Shocking Notes From All Over
- 123 As Kids See It
- 132 News From Medicine
- 156 That's Outrageous!
- 157 Life's Like That
- 158 Who Made That?
- 160 Quotable Quotes
- 161 Word Power
- 163 Brain Teasers
- 164 Studio

Everyday Heroes

18 Standing Up to Terrorism

He makes would-be extremists resist violence. JACQUES KOCH

Human Interest

26 Kindness of Strangers

VOICES & VIEWS

Department of Wit

32 Onscreen Romance

It's making us a distracted lot.
NURY VITTACHI

Up Close

34 I Try to Be the Best Person I Can

Angelina Jolie on what she holds dear. SVEN MICHAELSEN

In My Opinion

38 Why So Angry?

Our rage reflects a spoilt society.
DR SANDI MANN

You Be the Judge

40 The Case of the Nominee Nephew

A family dispute makes legal history. DEVEN KANAL

Words of Lasting Interest

42 A Father's Advice in Verse

Parental counselling—from *Hamlet*. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Finish This Sentence

46 Someone should invent ... ➤➤

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Vol. **56** | No. **3**

MARCH 2015

P. | **58**



ART OF LIVING

58 Words of Wisdom

LAUREN GELMAN

Family

65 Why I Wear Two Wedding Rings

PATRICK COONEY

Health

66 8 Glasses of Water a Day

KATHIE DOLGIN, FROM *SUGAR SAVVY*

68 Breakfast Mistakes Healthy People Make

THE PHYSICIANS OF *THE DOCTORS*

Food

70 What It's Like to Be a Chocolate Taster

ORIENTA GIANJORIO

Pets

72 Do Animals Get Jealous?

MARIT MITCHELL

Technology

74 Siri, My Son's Phone Friend

JUDITH NEWMAN,

FROM *THE NEW YORK TIMES*

Home

78 Extraordinary Uses ... Ordinary Things

WHO KNEW?

148 18 Things Cyber Crooks Don't Want You to Know

MICHELLE CROUCH

154 Strange Facts About Symbols You See Everywhere

BRANDON SPEKTOR

Total number of pages in this issue of Reader's Digest, including covers: 166

P. | **148**



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Editor's Note

Why Not Live Very Long?



GOING BY BIBLICAL ACCOUNTS, early humans must have lived really long. Adam survived well into his 900s. Enoch's son Methuselah lived to a record 969 years. Inspired by all this, a George Bernard Shaw play suggests you could go on living for centuries, until you have an accident. What's interesting is that both scripture and fiction dared to spell out such huge numbers for longevity. Then, in a science magazine article in the early 1980s, I saw this idea coming from research labs. The article was titled "Will We Be the Last Generation to Die?" I may have laughed, but I don't now. Here, we present longevity as the theme of our cover story "The Power Agers" (page 80).



Life expectancy keeps steadily increasing. Many of us will live to be a hundred, while babies born now could expect to celebrate their 140th birthdays. That is, if medical research lags behind and won't keep them alive until their accidents. But so what if we died? Our beliefs promise eternal life in hell, heaven or here itself, by rebirth. Yet, my colleagues and I argued about whether or not to publish "The Children Who've Lived Before?" (page 116) Some of them said "No!" but although I've been a skeptic, I decided to run it, reasoning that we'd otherwise be denying you something interesting just because it goes against some personal viewpoints. Even so, I added that question mark, which wasn't there initially, to the title. I also thought: If our religion can take rebirth for granted, I've no right to play censor. What do you think?

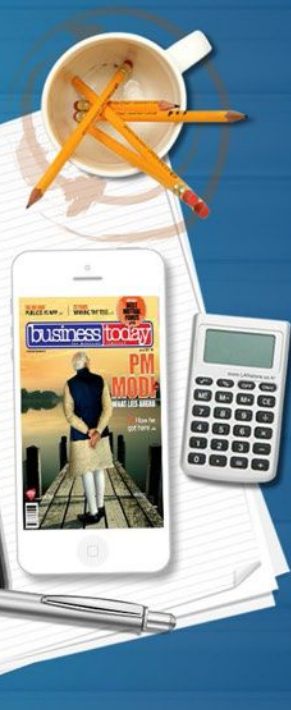
Meanwhile my friend Gaurav Mashruwala, who has been the source of several investment articles in The Digest, speaks of something different. "What Cancer Taught Me" (page 94) is about how his doctors (and a positive attitude) extended his precious life. Read it and be inspired.

Mohan Sivanand

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FOR MANAGING TOMORROW



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Letters

COMMENTS ON OUR RECENT ISSUES



VISIONARY OFFICER

With technological aids, there are few jobs the blind cannot do [Ajit Kumar Yadav's Enduring Vision, January]. However, many employers remain reluctant and apprehensive about their ability to perform efficiently. Society, and employers in particular, should give them a fair chance.

MICHAEL PATRAO, Bengaluru

I once met Mr Yadav in Bathinda. A journalist, I was keen to interview him, but due to some unforeseen reasons, I couldn't. I feel happy that the world now knows what he underwent to achieve his dream.

MEGHA MANN, Bathinda, Punjab

In 1964, I secured the third rank in the Punjab Civil Services (PCS) examinations. After the medical test, the ophthalmologist would neither clear nor reject me. Perhaps he wanted money. He finally sent my report after almost a year, stating that my left eye was not up to standard and I was rejected. I made representations to the state government citing orders, which lay down that even one-eyed persons could be appointed to the IAS. I also met several Punjab chief ministers who

gave me false assurances. As a result of such ignorance, I was never appointed to the PCS. I continued to serve the central government (with the same eyesight) and retired in 1996 from a senior Group A post.

SUKHWANT SINGH, via e-mail

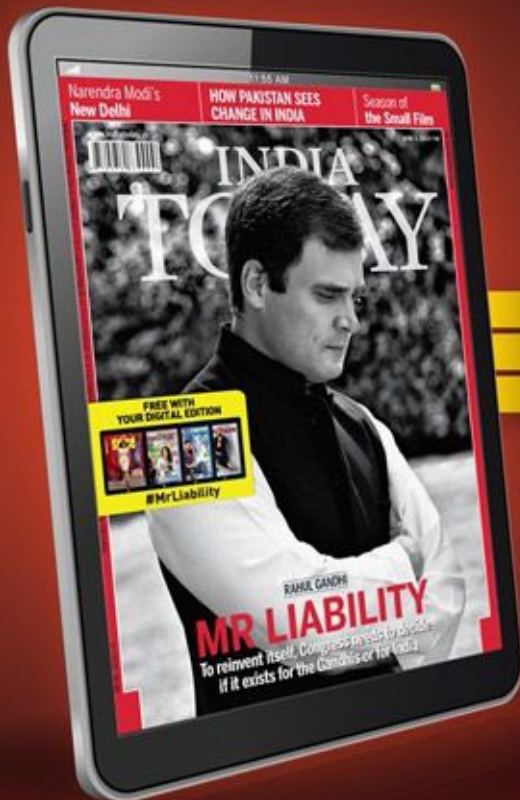
OPPORTUNISTIC MARRIAGES

It's high time we stopped treating women like commodities [The Case of the Hurtful Hubbies, January]. The very institution of marriage would have come under question if this verdict had gone otherwise.

DR SHWETA GUPTA, via e-mail

An acceptable civil code should be one that ensures husbands don't abandon their wives, whether by remarrying or otherwise. But look at the examples. A politician who aban-

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doned his wife. Top film actresses who willingly wed already-married men.

BRAJENDRA SINGH, New Delhi

Reforms in Hindu personal laws eradicated the evils of sati, child marriage and unjust inheritance. Introduction of the Prohibition of Child Marriage Act, 2006, too, had an overriding effect on the provisions of Muslim Personal Law.

DHANANJAY SINHA, Kolkata

ARE YOU DIABETIC?

To depend solely on fasting blood sugar levels for screening isn't good enough [When Normal Blood Sugar Isn't, January]. The HbA1c test gives a three-monthly average of blood sugar levels for better glycemic control.

V. S. G. RAO, Bengaluru

FAMILY GLUE

I feel privileged to belong to a family where our parents and grandparents shared with us big and small stories of their past [The Stories That Bind Us, January]. I especially remember the Partition incidents narrated by my grandma, when they left behind everything in what is now Bangladesh to come to India. Those treasured discussions instilled in me a lot of courage.

SHAWNNA GUHA, via e-mail

Thoughts, like where my parents had their schooling, never crossed my mind. I have now lost the chance to ask, but many readers should benefit

"A Tradition to Note"

[January] made me think of the notes my mother used to leave for me, reminding me to have my meals, whenever she left the house and I was asleep. It was 11:30pm when I finished reading the article and I was 1300km away from her. But wanting to hear Mother's voice, I phoned her. She didn't even complain about me disturbing her sleep. Teardrops rolled down my face.

SAKET SUMAN, Bhagalpur, Bihar

Mr Saket Suman gets our ₹1000 Best Letter prize.

—EDS

from the article. It is family that weaves souls together.

JYOTI SHANKER, Lucknow

STRONG MIND

After reading "A New Way of Thinking," "Living Well With Parkinson's" and "Obsessive and Compulsive" [all in RD January] I regained my lost confidence. A postgraduate medical student, I was going through a tough time battling depression. I am now planning my PG project on some common mental disorders with an aim of helping society.

JASMINE SINGH, New Delhi 

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EVERYDAY HEROES



Max Boon lost his legs to a suicide bomb.
Now he persuades would-be young extremists
to resist the lure of violence

Standing Up to Terrorism

BY JACQUES KOCH

 **IT'S OPPRESSIVELY HOT** in the school classroom in Indonesia's Klaten region, but the students gathered here on the morning of 19 October 2013, are used to that. They are also used to poverty, corruption and lack of opportunity in their lives. A sense of injustice makes them easy targets for recruiters from violent extremist organizations.

They stop talking when a good-looking 38-year-old Dutchman walks into the room on two prosthetic legs. He speaks with quiet authority. "I lost my legs four years ago," Max

Boon says. "A suicide bomber blew himself up in the Jakarta hotel conference room I was in. He was 18 years old, just a kid—like you."

Max, back in Indonesia to try to prevent what happened to him from happening to others, has the students' attention.

Max Boon was born and raised in the Dutch town of Venray, approximately 160km southeast of Amsterdam. As a young boy, he played football with the local Indonesian refugees and he became interested in their culture and history. As well, ➡

MARCEL DE CNOCK



At his apartment in the Hague. Max is determined to make a difference among Indonesian youth.

the stories of a family friend who had spent time in Indonesia when the archipelago gained independence from the Netherlands, furthered his interest. As a university student, Boon completed a degree in Indonesian Studies and Management at Leiden University leading him closer to his dream of becoming a businessman in Indonesia. His first trip to the country was in 1997 as a part of his graduate degree course.

In July 2009 Max, then 33 and working as an advisor to foreign business people in Jakarta, was about to open his weekly information session in the Marriott Hotel when a young man walked in to “give something to my boss,” as he had told the hotel staff. Instead, the boy activated a bomb, killing himself and four others and wounding 16, Max among them.

When Max regained consciousness three weeks later in a Singapore hospital, his mother was there. “Max, they had to amputate your legs,” she told him. With her encouragement, he chose to live on as best he could.

Back at home in the Netherlands, recovery took years and rehabilitation is an on-going process. Seventy percent of Max’s body was burnt. Many operations were needed to save his crushed right arm and to

remove shrapnel that had invaded his body. A screw is lodged so close to his heart that doctors say it is too dangerous to remove it. A year after the attack a small piece of porcelain from Marriott Hotel tableware fell out of his ear. He now walks on high-tech prosthetic legs.

As he was lying in the Singapore hospital, Max read an article about the young suicide bomber who had executed the attack. Dani Dwi Perana was fresh out of high school. He was fond of basketball, helpful and friendly. Coming from a broken home and easily im-

pressionable, he had fallen into the hands of a radical Muslim cleric who had persuaded him to sacrifice his life in the holy war, *jihad*. His family abhorred what Dani had done.

Max watched the video message Dani recorded days before blowing up himself and others. “This is not suicide,” he told the camera. “I hope to go to heaven. This is the way to terrify the enemy.”

There he was, this nice, smiling youngster. “Dani let himself be brainwashed by a gang of criminals,” Max says. Just as his attacker had been faceless to him, he had been equally faceless for the terrorist. And the next thought was: If Dani could have seen the level of pain he

“
***The fact that
I fell victim to a
major injustice
does not mean
that I have
to hate.***”



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caused with his attack, would he have reconsidered?


It was a thought that gave Max a new purpose in life. He went online to start studying the phenomenon of terrorism. He found that its victims were not being mobilized in the fight against it. After approaching experts of the The Hague International Center for Counter-Terrorism (ICCT), with their support Max returned to Indonesia to set up the Victims' Voices Project, in which he works with victims of terrorist attacks to visit schools in areas where students are known to be vulnerable to extremist recruiters.

In 2013 a new member, Ali Fauzi, joined Max on his first tour of schools in the Klaten region. Fauzi, 42, is a former terrorist. "I taught people how to make bombs," says Ali. "It was one of my students who built the bomb that maimed Max.

It was difficult for Max, but he has forgiven Ali for his indirect responsibility for the Jakarta attack. "The fact that I fell victim to a major injustice does not mean I have to hate this man who has now changed his life."

The first speaker in the first school they visited was a young mother who suffered severe burn wounds in one of the Bali attacks. Max was pleased to see that her story got through to the students, some of who had startled him earlier with their outspoken admiration for the terrorist attacks. Fauzi was overwhelmed with emotion. He calls the work Max does impressive. "He gives me the strength to work for peace," he says.

Today, Victims' Voices is part of a larger organization, the Aliansi Indonesia Camai (AIDA), an alliance for a peaceful Indonesia. The foundation teaches victims of attacks how to give information in schools, as well as supports victims financially and emotionally. But Max's focus remains on keeping youth away from radicalization. He plans to visit many more schools.

Terrorism expert Peter Knoope, the former director of ICCT who worked with Max, continues enthusiastically to support his efforts. "A single drop in the ocean? No, Max may turn this into a serious flow," says Knoope. "He has the power to succeed." 



LOVE THY...

Yahoo! Answers invites users to ask the questions that are really bothering them—sometimes with more useful results than others.

Q: What is a person from London called?

A: My neighbour is from London and he's called Bob.

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What Really Matters

TRAVELLING to Mumbai on business in September 2011, I was in an overnight train. As always, I had my valuables in a waist-pouch attached to my belt. Waking up at about 8:30am, long before the train's scheduled arrival at Mumbai's Dadar station, I went to the toilet to freshen up.

While changing my clothes, I carefully placed the pouch on the small shelf above the washbasin. Suddenly, the train picked up speed and jolted, tossing the pouch off. I could only watch bewildered as it disappeared down the Indian-style loo.

Getting off at Dadar with just ₹50 I found in a shirt pocket, I felt miserable. My cellphone, my ID and ATM cards and a tidy sum of money were all in the wallet. Anyway, I went to a PCO, rang my wife and asked for the phone number of my Mumbai client, who was to send a car to pick me up.

"Your client called," my wife informed me. "He said your cellphone was being repeatedly answered by a man called Radheshyam."

So, with a glimmer of hope, I called

my cellphone. Radheshyam answered. He asked me about the contents of the pouch and, convinced I was its owner, told me he was a labourer in Palghar, about 110km from Dadar. He was walking along the tracks to his workplace when he spotted the pouch.



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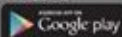
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As I explained my predicament and pondered the intricacies of reaching Palghar, he volunteered to meet me at Mumbai's Andheri railway station. Perhaps unsure of his own safety—he was meeting a stranger—Mr Radheshyam, who looked about 25, met me at 5pm accompanied by his two young friends. My pouch and its contents were returned intact.

I was stunned at the young man's honesty and diligence. A labourer, the cash in my wallet, about ₹7000, was a lot for him—but what made him most happy was handing it over to its owner. After examining the wallet, I pulled out all the cash and gave it to Radheshyam.

"No," he said, "I won't take it."

To me the cash was least important. Everything else, including my mobile with so many contacts and the cards were vital. With some coaxing, he finally accepted the money—my little reward—before we parted.

Looking back, I feel sorry I've since lost contact with the young man—he didn't have a cellphone then. And, come to think of it, I now know that all the things in the pouch could really be replaced, but not Radheshyam's honourable character.

PRAVEEN ARORA, *Ahmedabad*

Dinner Guests

FOUR YEARS AGO, my parents, sister and I set out on a summer trip from our home in Assam. I was just ten. Upon reaching Jammu by train, we

were in a hired car to Srinagar when the police stopped us late in the afternoon at Ramban town, on the Chenab, about 150km from Srinagar.

A curfew was in place there and everything was shut, but after much searching we managed to find lodgings. By the time we had settled in, it was already 8:30pm. My father, whom we call *Abbu*, went out to get some food, but the restaurants were closed. When he finally found one open, a waiter there told him they could only pack some leftovers. *Abbu* had to agree, since all of us were hungry.

Just then, a gentleman who overheard this exchange walked up to my father and the two got chatting.

"Why don't you all come to my house and eat?" the stranger finally asked.

"No, thank you," said my father. "There are several of us."

"We always entertain people like you during times like this," he replied. "My mother will take care of you."

"It would be a burden on your mother," said *Abbu*.

Nevertheless, Mr Ifteekar Husain—we later learnt the local businessman's name—got *Abbu* to accept his invitation. He also managed to get sufficient vegetables and a chicken from someone he knew. When *Abbu* came to fetch us, my mother was totally against the idea of accepting any such hospitality from a total stranger. However, after some squabbling, Mother gave in—on one condition:



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"Just don't gorge like hungry wolves," she made us promise.

When we reached Mr Hussain's single-storeyed house, he and his mother welcomed us with such warmth, it felt as though we'd always known each other. They put us so much at ease that even Mother had her fill. We were surprised at how efficiently Mr Hussain's elderly mother—his wife and baby were away in Srinagar—prepared a sumptuous meal at such short notice.

After dinner, we remained in their house well beyond midnight, chatting and rummaging through photo albums. When we left, Mr Hussain even gave us a picture of Saniya, his baby, as a memento. In those few hours, an unseen bond had formed between our two families.

Even today, although we're 2500km apart, my parents stay in touch with Mr Hussain and his family over the phone. We've invited them over and are looking forward to their visit some day. A schoolgirl like me could never forget a first visit to Kashmir, but Mr Hussain and his mother made our trip so much more memorable.

TANIM MAZUMDER, *Guwahati*

A Little Empathy

MY UNUSUALLY short stature has always attracted curious faces that scan me from top to toe. Yet my stunted growth has never stunted my self-confidence—thanks to my parents who taught me that it's not

your size but what you achieve that matters.

Comments on my appearance have also become a day-to-day feature. Responses to me range from little children giggling to adults gaping. My lack of height also provokes intrusive questions from total strangers. Some have the audacity to wonder what my married life would be like—if at all I got married. I'm studying to be a chartered accountant, but others wonder about my future career.

Among such insensitive encounters that happen so regularly was one that finally kindled some hope that some day things would be different. I recently happened to be at a stationery shop when a little girl stared at me with an astonishment I'm familiar with.

"Look at her!" the child called out to her mother. Unexpectedly, the lady gave her daughter a stern look and told her to apologize to me.

"I'm sorry, *didi*," the girl whispered.

"It's OK," I said, and smiled at the lady, who also apologized before parting. Here at least was a lesson in good parenting, because many of today's daddies and mummies do not correct their children, and least of all publicly.

SHRIYA SRINIVASAN, *Mumbai* 

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VOICES & VIEWS

Department of Wit

Onscreen Romance

BY NURY VITTACHI

 I SPEND so much time in front of my computer that *Amazon.com* has replaced its “You May Also Like” recommendations list with a pop-up note saying: “You should really turn this off and go for a walk.” OK, I kid, but in reality it’s hard to get us 21st Century People off our screens. These days my friends often try to inspire movement by using the trendy word “Yolo”—which stands for You Only Live Once. This doesn’t work so well in Asia. The last time someone said that, I pointed out that most people in the room believed in reincarnation. He said: “Good point. We can log off and go exercise in our next lives.”

The odd thing is that sitting down and looking at a screen can be

Nury Vittachi is a Hong Kong-based author. Read his blog at Mrjam.org

strangely exhausting. I saw a news report recently about a flight in Wuhan, central China, that couldn’t land because two air traffic controllers had fallen asleep in front of their monitors. The civil aviation authorities said in a statement that the plane had tried to make contact many times but there was no reply. Imagine the exchange: “This is Delta Tango Foxtrot about to land, do you read?” “Zzzzzz.” “Anybody there?” “Zzzzzz.”

The air traffic controllers have since promised to try their best not to fall asleep. If they fail, there’s still a plus as I’m sure they can catch up on their sleep in prison.

Sleeping while on duty is not a problem in Switzerland. Earlier this year, the Swiss Air Force revealed that it does not wake up sleeping



ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREW JOYNER

pilots at night or make them work over weekends. During unsocial hours, the Air Force provides only radar coverage of the country. Jet fighters are not available after sundown.

Switzerland has a longstanding “we’re not playing” policy on wars, even big ones like World War II, so they clearly haven’t internalized the fact that military action is not a nine-to-five thing. It’s going to be interesting when World War III happens and the Swiss army is keeping time on their country’s famously accurate watches. “It’s five o’clock, friends, time to go home. See you all tomorrow to resume the war at 9am sharp. *Guet nacht.*”

If another Great War were to hit us, my only hope is that the whole thing can be fought on Minecraft or Sim City. Then all those hours spent on video games can finally be put to a useful purpose.

The good news is that society is adjusting to the existence of screen addicts. In Chongqing, China, the municipality has painted markings on the pavement to create a slow pedestrian lane for people who walk while looking at their phones. Given the real danger of walking into a lamp post or even a sinkhole while fixated on your phone, a special lane for screen watchers sounds like a sensible idea. Especially if you believe in Yolo.



Success, wealth and beauty? For Hollywood star Angelina Jolie it's other things that matter

I Try to Be the Best Person I Can

BY SVEN MICHAELSEN

AFTER HER PARENTS split up while she was still very young, Angelina Jolie grew up with her mother, a woman who was trying to make it as an actress but never starred in more than a handful of minor film and TV roles. At 15 million dollars a movie, her daughter has now become one of the world's highest-paid film stars. For more than nine years, she and the actor Brad Pitt have been involved in what is probably the most closely scrutinized relationship in human history. Their recent marriage was Jolie's third. The 39-year-old Oscar-winning actress has a family of six children, three of whom are adopted. This former Borderline Personality Disorder sufferer who openly confesses to having self-harmed and taken a wide range of drugs is now the Special Envoy of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees.

You left home at 16, got married for the first time at 20 and adopted your first child at 26. Why the hurry?

You're right, I was in one hell of a hurry. I was driven by the fact that I only believed in the here and now and was terrified of not living my life to the full. Both my grandmother and my mother died young. So I've never been able to believe that there could be happy endings and a perfect family in my life. I need to work on being able to just pause for breath and appreciate my life.

Are you comfortable about being proclaimed the role model for a new brand of femininity?

No, I've gone through a lot of phases in my life and made a whole bunch of mistakes in the process. But I am trying to grow into a person who I can live with and who I can be ➔



proud of. I try to be the best person I can. If the desire to do that inspires others, then I'm more than happy to be a role model.

Your ten-year-old daughter Zahara and your eleven-year-old son Pax appear as extras in your latest film. Do you want your children to have a career in the movies?

Oh, God no! Our children think being on film sets is great fun, but Brad and I do hope that they won't want to be actors, of all things. This profession has changed massively since I started out. Nowadays, it's all about being a celebrity. The quality of your craft as an artist is secondary. The fact that I live a fulfilled life isn't because I'm an actress.

You've gone from being a Borderline Personality Disorder sufferer to being known as Saint Angelina. What was it that changed you?

Fourteen years ago, I had to travel to Cambodia for my role as Lara Croft. That country's culture and the terrible poverty of the refugees there completely changed my life. Since then, I've been less self-absorbed and better able to put my own emotions into perspective. The second revolution in my life was having children. Children are the answer to the question of why we have been put on this earth. I know that my life no longer belongs to

ANGELINA JOLIE


Angelina Jolie Voight was born in 1975. She uses the stage name Jolie to distance herself from her father, the Oscar-winning actor Jon Voight. Her mother, Marcheline Bertrand, died of cancer in 2007. In 2013, Jolie publicly revealed that she had undergone a double mastectomy after it was discovered that she carries a gene that dramatically increases her risk of contracting breast cancer.

me and that somehow makes life easier to bear.

Can you see Angelina Jolie and Brad Pitt as happily married pensioners sitting on a park bench?

Yes, although I'd rather see us travelling the world. I'm not good at staying put in one place for too long. Travelling also stops you getting too comfortable in your daily routine.

Do your kids know all of your films?

No, a lot of the scenes are too graphic. We recently let the older ones watch *Mr & Mrs Smith*. Apparently, getting to see Mum and Dad at each other's throats as rival undercover agents was the fulfilment of their secret fantasies. They said it was the funniest movie they had ever seen. 

FROM SÜDDEUTSCHE ZEITUNG MAGAZINE (MAY 23, 2014) © SVEN MICHAELSEN

The width of a space shuttle depends on a horse's rear end.

1. Imperial Romans used war chariots.
2. These chariots were made to be just wide enough to accommodate the rear ends of two war horses.
3. The first long distance roads in Europe were built by Rome for the benefit of their legions.
4. These roads were made to fit their chariots.
5. These roads have been used ever since.
6. And the width of these roads became the standard.
7. Wagon makers created standardized tools to fit this standard.
8. When the first train and tram lines were built, they were built by these same wagon makers.
9. These wagon makers used the same jigs and tools that they used for building wagons.
10. Making the old standard the new standard for trains.
11. When England colonised the Americas, they took their railway engineers with them.
12. These engineers built the US rail network.
13. They followed the same standards they used back in Europe.
14. The railway network they built then are the basis of the US Standard railroad gauge of 4 feet, 8 1/2 inches.
15. Now, every space shuttle has two big booster rockets attached to the sides of the main fuel tank.
16. These are the solid rocket boosters, or SRBs.
17. The SRBs are made by Thiokol in a factory in Utah.
18. The SRBs have to be shipped by train from the factory to the launch site.
19. The railroad from the factory runs through a tunnel in the mountains.
20. The SRBs have to fit through that tunnel.
21. A tunnel that is about as wide as two horses' behinds.

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Life's not perfect, but our rage at everything reflects a spoilt society

Why So Angry?

BY DR SANDI MANN

TURNING RIGHT at a junction recently, I incurred the wrath of the driver behind for hesitating a fraction too long for his liking. By the onslaught of horns, hand gestures and abuse that spewed forth, you'd think that I'd murdered his family.

As an anger-management specialist, it never ceases to amaze me what people get worked up about these days. Mother Teresa got angry about poverty. Widespread hunger made Gandhi's blood boil. Martin Luther King was fired up by social injustice. Yet many people seem to fly into frenzied indignation at minor provocations: fashion chains that only stock small sizes, politicians who have made relatively insignificant errors.

Dr Sandi Mann is a UK-based psychology lecturer and author of "Manage Your Anger."



Are these things really worth the heated anger they induce? Or do we have nothing better to get angry about?

Anger, like all emotions, has played a valuable role in human history. Rage helped our ancestors

survive. If they'd been too laid-back about others stealing their food or about predators, they wouldn't have taken preventative action.

Indeed, research suggests that the development of our anger response has been part of our evolution. If we're shown pictures of angry faces, for instance, we're more motivated to then choose something we associate as being rewarding. So anger spurs us on to attain the things we really need.

Anger has also helped us work in close social groups. Losing our cool showed that we were displeased with others, that they needed to make changes to their behaviour, which stopped us from having to continually shift from one unsatisfactory relationship to another.

However, actual life-threatening injustice or mortal danger is less likely to occur in our modern societies. The angry response is still hardwired into our brain, though, and with no real role in keeping us alive it "misfires," leading us to get cross about the smaller, inconsequential stuff.

Barely a month goes by without some trivial dispute that escalates well beyond what's reasonable. Examples include a road-rage incident that left a man dead and a fist-fight that started with two trolleys accidentally bumping into each other in a supermarket.

Meanwhile, surveys reveal that call centres make 90 percent of respondents cross, while a further


50 percent get so frustrated with their computers that they will actually hit or attack them.

None of these triggers for our anger are life-threatening, but it seems rage is insidiously becoming a routine communication strategy.

Part of the problem is that where we were once too preoccupied with keeping a roof over our heads to worry about whether a restaurant meal is lukewarm or which head of a company is getting paid what, now all our basic needs are met and our expectations have risen. It could be argued that we're spoiled: like toddlers, we expect everything to be perfect, and when it isn't we stamp our feet.

Media and society have colluded in this—for example, supermarkets that say they'll open a new till if there's someone in front of you. They are creating a potential anger trigger when they don't live up to that expectation at busy times.

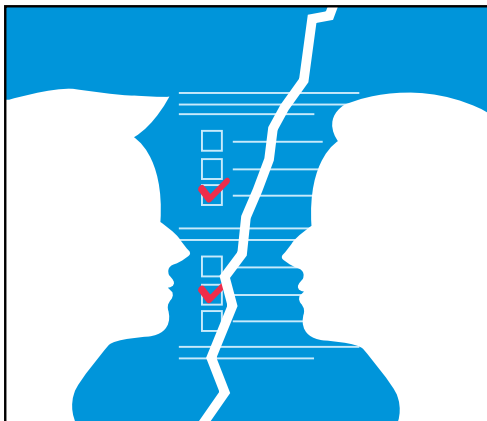
The good news is, if we're aware our rage is over the top, we might be better able to deal with it. We can override the innate anger circuits in our brain by challenging their appropriateness with a simple question: is this incident threatening my survival? If not, we could rein the anger in by finding something really worth getting annoyed about instead.

Are we an angry society? Do you have examples of your own unnecessary rage? Write to editor.india@rd.com 

Do you know about the rights and duties of a nominee to an asset?

The Case of the Nominee Nephew

BY DEVEN KANAL



IT WAS A SAD DAY for Harsha N. Kokate of Mumbai when Nitin, her husband of less than three years, passed away on 5 July 2007. Nitin had held equity shares in his demat account with Saraswat Bank, where he was the sole beneficiary. The nominee to the shares was Nitin's nephew, whom he'd named in 2006.

Contrary to what many think, a nominee in a bank account or insurance policy, for instance, is not the beneficiary after the account holder dies. The nominee becomes the sole person with whom the bank or insurance company deals with and passes on the asset to. But it is the legal responsibility of a nominee to act as a trustee and pass on the asset or claim amount, to the dead person's legal heirs. Indeed, the nominee may

have no rights to the asset, or be an heir, as per succession laws or a will. However, all this is only a background to Harsha Kokate's story.

When Nitin died intestate [leaving no will], Harsha, believing she was the legal heir, wanted to sell the shares that were in her husband's name. But the nominee, Nitin's nephew, claimed the shares now belonged to him. Harsha employed a lawyer to fight her case against the bank and her nephew. By the time the Bombay High Court reached its verdict in April 2010, it became one of the most debated cases in recent personal-finance history.

Should Harsha Kokate or her nephew, the nominee, get Nitin's shares? You be the judge.



THE VERDICT

In April 2010, Judge J. Roshan Dalvi of the Bombay High Court dismissed the case, allowing the nephew to own the shares. In court, the widow's lawyer argued that since Nitin had died intestate, his wife was his legal heir and should get his shares. It was also argued that the nephew's job was to transfer the shares to Harsha.

The lawyer also pointed out instances of other asset classes, where the nominee is merely the trustee. You would think Harsha had a good case. But what went wrong for her?

Owning equity shares makes you part owner of a company, and hence the court referred to The Companies Act, where in Section 109A the law relating to nomination was amended in 1998, and the Depositories Act, 1996 (by which time shares could be held in dematerialized form, as opposed to paper certificates). The amendment made the nominee the owner of all shares and debentures after the death of the shareholder: *"... where a nomination made in the prescribed manner purports to confer on any person the right to vest the shares in, or debentures of, the company, the nominee shall, on the death of the shareholder or holder of debentures of the company or, as the case may be, on the death of the joint-holders become entitled to all the rights in the shares or debentures of the company... to the exclusion of all other persons..."*

The depository rules, too, are in agreement: *"A nominee shall on the death of the Nominating Person(s) be entitled to elect himself to be registered as a Beneficial Owner by delivering a notice in writing to the Depository..."*

The Bombay High Court observed that this is in contrast to other nominations, as in insurance policies, for instance. It also observed that these laws override even a will. So even if Nitin Kakote had willed the shares to his wife, and kept his nephew as the nominee, she had no right to the shares under the existing law!

While Judge Dalvi clearly went by the law, there has been much debate and criticism of this verdict by legal authorities and financial experts, who think the amended Companies Act and the depository rules go against the traditional spirit and principle of nomination. "Now the judgement has created an urgency to amend the law of succession and nomination in India," says one essay on the case.

Was this verdict fair to Nitin Kokate's widow? Is the law flawed here? Would you now choose your nominees more carefully? Review the case (full report at: <http://indiankanoon.org/doc/311517/>) and send your views to the Editorial address, or e-mail: editor.india@rd.com



Venturing into the world? Or just going away to college? Read this before you leave home

A Father's Advice in Verse

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE FROM *HAMLET*



Shakespeare (1564 - 1616), England's greatest playwright, contributed innumerable expressions and sayings in works like this.

☞ **POLONIUS:** Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.*
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.**
This above all: to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

* *Don't act impulsively, or without thinking.*

** *Husbandry here refers to financial management.*

THIS PASSAGE FROM *HAMLET* is so often recited, quoted and used as a set piece in anthologies that some of its lines are familiar even to people who know nothing of Shakespeare's plays. It may even sound like a string of clichés, but remember that many modern English phrases and aphorisms were first invented by Shakespeare and first used by his actors.

Polonius, who speaks these words in the play, is a trusted advisor to the King of Denmark and father to a daughter and son, Ophelia and Laertes. Here he addresses the son, who is about to leave for higher

studies in Paris. It is sound advice, practical and wise, and could easily apply to any parent and child in a similar situation today. The father speaks of integrity, false friends and true, codes of dress, conduct and manners befitting a well-bred young man.

In the context of *Hamlet* the play, however, this good side of Polonius is a revelation. He is first presented as a wily sycophantic courtier who is not above breaking many of the rules he is trying to instill in his children. But Shakespeare's characters are never entirely black or white. Polo-

nus as a father is caring and sensitive, as this speech patently shows, and he obviously knows right from wrong.

Yet, like most corrupt politicians, he furthers himself by pandering to the king's ignoble schemes, carrying tales and spying, which eventually leads to his downfall and untimely death.

Even so, his advice to Laertes has always been one of the best-known passages from Shakespeare—an example of great parental counselling to a young man venturing into the world.

—SHEILA SIVANAND 



Points to Ponder

SIT IN ANY AIRPORT LOUNGE and look around at the number of people who are hunched over, looking at a device. The machines have already won—just in a way that the *Terminator* films didn't imagine.

JAMES CAMERON,
director, in Fast Company

MUSICOLOGISTS ESTIMATE that for every hour of music listening in the typical person's lifetime, 54 minutes are spent with songs we've already heard. Forget the next big thing. We're all suckers for the last big thing.

DEREK THOMPSON,
editor, in The Atlantic

START-UPS that addressed eye problems drew \$848.9 million [in 2013], making eyes the organ that was most attractive to venture capital in [that year].

BRIAN GORMLEY,
reporter, in The Wall Street Journal

Politicians aren't the only ones with the power to declare a crisis ... Regular people can too. Slavery wasn't a crisis for American elites until abolitionism turned it into one ... Sex discrimination wasn't a crisis until feminism turned it into one.

NAOMI KLEIN,
journalist, in her book This Changes Everything



The process of acting bifurcates and creates another person in you. One becomes the observer while the other is the performer. You are losing control as the performer and letting yourself flow. But you are still in control as the observer.

IRRFAN KHAN, actor, in Forbes India



All I ever wanted since I arrived here on earth was the same things I needed as a baby, to go from cold to warm, lonely to held, the vessel to the giver, empty to full.

ANNE LAMOTT, author, in her book *Small Victories*

WE HAVE SOUGHT scapegoats [for mass shootings] in minority cultures, racial groups, and now the mentally ill. When we are ready to accept that the demon is within us all, we can begin to treat the cycle of anger and suffering.

LAURA L. HAYES, PHD,
psychologist, on slate.com

WHAT WE DO ONLINE [and] who we follow ... will say more about us than we could ever think to tell our shrinks. Today, Freud would be a big data analyst, consuming all we post online as a proxy for our dreams.

MARK CUBAN,
entrepreneur and investor, on cnn.com

The stupidest argument to have with somebody is when you tell them what to like. How can somebody argue with you about what you like? "Hot sauce? How can you like hot sauce?" Hey, it's my mouth.

ANDRÉ BENJAMIN, actor and musician, in *Esquire*

ALL HAPPY COMPANIES are different: Each one earns a monopoly by solving a unique problem. All failed companies are the same: They failed to escape competition.

PETER THIEL,
PayPal cofounder, in his book Zero to One

CHILDREN ESPECIALLY need solitude. Solitude is the precondition for having a conversation with yourself. This capacity to be with yourself and discover yourself is the bedrock of development.

SHERRY TURKLE, PHD,
sociologist, in Scientific American



Someone should invent ...

From the sublime to the ridiculous, our Facebook friends offered all kinds of zany answers. Here are six.

...an alarm clock

with real arms to wake me up.

IDA RAI

Lucknow

...zero-calorie

chocolate!

SHIULI LARA DUTT

Kolkata

...a world

without money.

AAYUSHI JAIN

Bhopal

...a book finder

that recommends titles according to one's mood.

RAJANI POLINENI

Guntur

...a wallet

that always has money.

VINOD SUKUMARAN


Mahe

Chennai

...make-up

that reveals our inner beauty.

ARCHANA NAGARAJAN

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SATPURA NATIONAL PARK

Tucked away in the serenity of Satpura mountain ranges, Satpura National Park rests in Hoshangabad district of Madhya Pradesh. Set up in 1981, the park borrows its name from the Satpura hill ranges (Mahadeo Hills). An important wildlife sanctuary of India, the park shelters a rich biodiversity amidst its terrains. The Panorama of the place, coupled with its herbaceous surroundings, makes it an ideal abode of many wildlife species of the country. The Park has a jugged landscape, embedded with plain lands, and the altitude of the place ranges from 352 m to 1352 m.

Landscape and Flora

The landscape of Satpura Park is a veritable haven reflecting aspects of natural splendour, with rocky sandstone peaks complemented by deep and dramatic ravines. The dense forest undulate with all its verdure and remains interspersed with some rare bryophytes and pteridophytes. Central Indian mixed deciduous vegetation is common in most of the areas. There are abundant Sal, Teak, Tendu, Aonla, Mahua, Bel and Bamboo trees that add to the wealth of flora in the park. Grasses and plants with therapeutic and medicinal properties are also found in abundance.

Fauna & Avifauna

The Satpura National Park is a rare and exciting jungle treat. Its fauna comprises of animals like Tiger, Leopard, Sambar, Chital, Bhedki, Nilgai, Four-horned Antelope, Rhesus Monkey, Chinkara, Bison, Wild Boar, Wild Dog, Bear, Black Buck, Fox, Porcupine, Flying Squirrel, Mouse Deer and Indian Joint Squirrel, to name a few. There is also a huge collection of birds, about 254 species. Birds like Malabar Pied Hornbills, Crested Serpent Eagles, Crested Hawk Eagles, Honey Buzzards, Paradise Flycatchers, Thrushes, Peafowl and Pheasants contribute to the varied avifauna of the park.

Tawa Reservoir

Tawa Reservoir is a large reservoir on the Tawa River in Central India. Located in Hoshangabad district of Madhya Pradesh, the reservoir was formed by the construction of the Tawa Dam, which began in 1958 and was completed in 1978. The dam provides water for irrigation to several thousand hectares of farming land in Hoshangabad and Harda districts. Tawa Reservoir is also a big tourist attraction.

The Tawa Resort, an exotic resort of MPT, is an ideal place for breaking away from the routine life of cities. The view from the Tawa Resort is soothing to the mind and soul. M.P Tourism in collaboration with M.P Ecotourism Development Board offers river wildlife safari for tourists travelling from Tawa to Madhai, through a river passage in a mini cruise boat, 'Jalpari'. The other Cruise 'Satpura Queen' takes you around the Tawa reservoir and the trip takes about 45 minutes.

HOW TO REACH : Distance from Pachmarhi to Tawa is 175 kms, Bhopal to Tawa is 115 kms, Itarsi to Tawa is 30 kms and Hoshangabad lies mid-way on the Pipariya – Bhopal route (75 kms from each)

CONTACT : 07572-273017

E-MAIL : tawa@mptourism.com



BANDHAVGARH

NATIONAL PARK WITH A RICH HISTORICAL PAST

One of the reasons that makes Bandhavgarh National Park popular among wildlife lovers is the fact that it is the original home of the white tiger. Comparatively smaller in size from other national parks of Madhya Pradesh, it however, wins the race in the highest density of tiger population in India. As for the white tiger, the rare species of tiger could be seen in the then Rewa state for many years. The last alive was hunted by Maharaja Martand Singh in 1951, and stands as a testimony as a stuffed one in the Rewa Palace.

The forests of Bandhavgarh before they were converted into a sanctuary were the game preserve of the Maharajas of Rewa. Situated in the Umaria district of Madhya Pradesh, Bandhavgarh national park covers an area of 448 square kilometers. The eponymous hill, Bandhavgarh stands tall right in the midst of the forest, accompanied by smaller hills and gently sloping valleys, which open up to small, swampy meadows. On the top of the hill stands Bandhavgarh Fort dating back to almost 2000 years old. Various dynasties have reigned from the fort, for example, the Maghas from the first century AD, the Vakatakas from the 3rd century AD, the Sengars from the 5th Century AD, and the Baghels till 1617 when Vikramaditya Singh moved his capital to Rewa. Civilisation ceased to exist from 1935. The last inhabitants deserted the fort in 1935.

Dotted in the park are many intriguing caves. The vegetation varies from Sal forests in the valleys and lower slopes, to deciduous forest on the hills on the arid areas of the park. Bandhavgarh is best visited from mid-October to February-end. The major attraction being the big cat, Bandhavgarh also teems with a variety of wildlife such as sambar, barking deer, nilgai, which are easily available for wildlife lovers. Bamboo is found in abundance.

There are more than 122 species of mammals and 250 species of birds. Animals found at Bandhavgarh include common langurs, rhesus macaque, Asiatic jackal, Bengal fox, sloth bear, ratel, grey mongoose, striped hyena, jungle cat, leopard, wild pig, spotted

deer, sambar, chausingha, nilgai and chinkara. Mammals, such as dhole, the small Indian civet, palm squirrel & lesser bandicoot rat are seen occasionally. Common langurs and the rhesus macaque represent the primate group. Carnivores include the Asiatic jackal, Bengal fox, sloth bear, ratel, grey mongoose, striped hyena, jungle cat, leopard & tiger. The verdant streams and marshes extremely rich in birdlife. The common ones are little grebe, egret, lesser adjutant, sarus crane, black kite, crested serpent eagle, black vulture, Egyptian vulture, common peafowl, red jungle fowl, dove, parakeet, kingfisher and Indian roller. The reptilian fauna includes cobra, krait, viper, ratsnake, python, turtle, and a number of lizard varieties, including varanus. The park can be scanned either on motor vehicles or elephants. Jeep safaris should be availed from dawn until about 10 am, and then from about 4 pm till dusk. It is advisable to take a guide forest department guide on safaris. The best season to visit Bandhavgarh is from mid-October to June.

HOW TO REACH

- **BY AIR:** The nearest airport is at Jabalpur (190 km). From Khajuraho (237 km), Bandhavgarh is a five-hour drive via Panna, Satna and Maihar across stretches of the Vindhyaachal.
- **BY RAIL:** The nearest railway stations near Bandhavgarh are Jabalpur (190 km), Katni (102km) and Satna (120km) on the Central Railway and Umaria (35km) on the South Eastern Railway.
- **BY ROAD:** State/Private transport buses ply between Katni and Umaria, and from Satna and Rewa to Tala (Bandhavgarh). Taxis are available at Satna, Jabalpur, Katni, Umaria and Khajuraho.
- **YOUR HOST:** White Tiger Forest Lodge (MPT), Ph: (07627) 265406



Kanha is perhaps the best bet in Madhya Pradesh for a rendezvous with the big cat and sighting of rare species of other animals and avian life.

Tiger, tiger burning bright... the Kanha National Park is home to the big cat and a dream destination for wildlife lovers. Considered one of the biggest parks in Madhya Pradesh, the sanctuary is the core of the Kanha Tiger Reserve created in 1974 under the avowed Project Tiger. The mélange of sal and bamboo trees, vast expanse of grasslands, gurgling and snaking streams, make Kanha a paradise for nature lovers. Apart from the tiger, the park is the habitat of the hardground Barasingha a species that has now become a rare in the forests of India.

The national park came into existence in 1955 and painstaking efforts by the conservationists as well as wildlife and forest departments have ensured that Kanha holds its head high as one of the best administered parks in Asia.

It is not just a body of wild and the wonderful that make Kanha special, Bamni Dadar offers a lifetime opportunity to watch the sun go down in the horizon. Species such as Indian hare, dhole or Indian wild dog, barking deer, Indian bison or gaur, palm squirrel, common langur, jackal, wild pig, chital or spotted deer, barasingha or swamp deer and black buck can be seen in Kanha. Those willing to test their patience will be rewarded with the rare sights of the Indian fox, sloth bear, striped hyena, jungle cat, leopard, mouse deer, chausingha or four horned antelope, nilgai, ratel, porcupine, chinkara, Indian pangolin, Indian otter and the Indian civet.

Kanha boasts of a rich bouquet of avian species, such as cattle egret, pond heron, black ibis, common peafowl, crested serpent, racket-tailed drongo, hawk, eagle and redwattled lapwing, various species of fly catcher, woodpecker, dove, parakeet, babbler and mynah, white breasted kingfisher and grey hornbill. Those in search of water birds can find a plentiful near the park's many rivulets and at Sarvantal. Kanha offers jeep and elephant rides.

One can hire MPSTDC jeeps and ride on elephants for tracking the tiger. Visitors can contact the MPSTDC Managers at Baghira Log huts, Kisli and at Kanha Safari Lodge, Mukki. Bookings for a morning run should be made the previous day.

The best season to visit Kanha is from mid-October to June. It is preferable to stay put in the jungle at least for three nights. Kisli has a restaurant and a canteen. The restaurant serves both Indian and Western food. The canteen serves reasonably priced meals and snacks. Mukki also has a multicuisine restaurant.

HOW TO REACH

Khatia (3km from Kisli) and **Mukki** are the two main entry points of the Park. From Jabalpur, Kisli is 165km via Chiraidongri and Mukki is 203km via Motinala and Garhi. For travelers from Bilaspur (182km), Raipur (213 km) and Balaghat (83km), Mukki on the state highway No. 26 is more convenient. From Nagpur, Kisli is 259km via Nainpur and Chiraidongri, and Mukki is 289km via Balaghat.

➔ **BY AIR:** Nearest airports are at Jabalpur (160km), Raipur (240km) and Nagpur (335 km).

➔ **BY RAIL:** The convenient railheads are at Jabalpur and Bilaspur.

➔ **BY ROAD:** There is a daily bus service available for Kisli and Mukki from Jabalpur and back. Taxis are available for hire from Jabalpur, Bilaspur and Raipur. It is advisable to reach Kisli before sunset as vehicles are not permitted within the park after dark. For assistance at Jabalpur, contact MPSTDC's Tourist office at the Railway Station or Kalchuri Residency (MPT)

➔ **YOUR HOST:** Baghira Log Huts, Kisli (07649) 277227 (MPT), Tourist Hostel, Kisli (07649) 277310 (MPT), Kanha Safari Lodge, Mukki (07636) 290715 (MPT)

CALL OF THE WILD

KANHA



PENCH

LAND OF 'THE JUNGLE BOOK'

Those fascinated by Rudyard Kipling's famous jungle book stories must visit Pench National Park to discover its pristine settings, abundant wildlife and rare flora

One of the most well-sought after wildlife destinations in Madhya Pradesh is the Pench National Park, located in the southern part of the state. The sanctuary was brought under project Tiger in 1992. The name "pench" is derived from the Pench river that splits the park into western and eastern zones. The national park can be further segregated into Indira Priyadarshani Pench National Park and the Mowgli Pench Sanctuary. The legendary setting in Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book alludes to the park. The fictional character in Kipling's jungle book stories, "Mowgli" is actually a feral child captured in Seoni district, near the village of Sant Baori in 1831. Many of the places described in the Jungle book are actual locations in Seoni district like the Waingunga river with its gorge where Sher Khan was killed, Kanhiwara village and the Seoni hills.

Rich in flora and fauna, the Pench National Park provides a perfect climate for over 1200 species of plants, including some rare ones at that. Mixed forests, shrubs and grasslands also play a vital role in rearing these plants. The same goes for wildlife as well. Apart from the tiger which is obviously the main attraction, the park can boast of a dense population of cheetah and sambhar. In fact, the sanctuary has the highest density of herbivores in India.

Other animals seen here in large numbers include gaur (Indian Bison), neelgai, wild dog and wild pig sloth bear, chousingha, chinkara, barking deer, jackal, fox, palm civet, small Indian civet, jungle cat, hyena, and porcupine. Along with the tiger there are other carnivores like leopard, wild dog and wolf.

Ornithologists will have a field day at Pench. The national park has over 285 species of resident and migratory birds including Malabar Pied Hornbill, Indian Pitta, Osprey, Grey-headed Fishing Eagle, White-eyed Buzzard, to name a few. Birdwatchers will also be treated with four species of the endangered vulture, White-rumped, long-billed, white scavenger and king vulture. Those want to experience Pench at its best should visit the park during summer months. Jeep Safari and elephant safari enable good sightings of wildlife and birds. It is preferable to opt for a safari at dawn for an unforgettable wildlife experience. Water bodies become preferable places for tigers and leopards in search of water. It is common sight to witness Cheetal, Sambar and Neelgai grazing in the forests and on the banks of the river. Pench National Park can be accessed through two gates. The main gate is from Turia in the east and another entrance is at Karmajhiri in the north.

HOW TO REACH

- **BY AIR:** The nearest airport is Nagpur, 92km away. The airport in Jabalpur is 200km from Pench.
- **BY RAIL:** Nagpur junction is the nearest railway station from Pench. It is well connected to the rest of India. Jabalpur, which is around 4-5 hours drive is the other major railhead.
- **BY ROAD:** Situated on the Nagpur-Jabalpur highway, Pench is easily accessible by local taxis.
- **YOUR HOST:** Kipling's Court (07695) 232830 (MPT)



PANNA A TRYST WITH THE NATURE

It is not only the big cat that endears Panna to tourists. The splendour of nature and a vast

Although Panna has earned its spurs on the tourism map of India due to its tiger reserve, it also has other significant offerings like an array of religious monuments that showcase the unique features of both Hindu and Islamic architecture. The city known for its diamond mines is also a nature's paradise, with its vast expanses of green meadows dotted with evergreen trees, rolling forests, and numerous hills and rocks. The national park in Panna came up in 1981, and it joined the other tiger conservation projects in 1994, when it was declared a tiger reserve. The reserved areas of the park were actually hunting grounds for the rulers of princely states like Panna, Chhatarpur and Bijawar. The Panna National Park has a strategic location—it is here that the forest belt that comes from Cape Comorin ends, and the Gangetic plains starts.

The Ken river, considered one of the major rivers of Budelkhand, flows through the tiger reserve and is home to the Gharial and Mugger. The river makes its way and runs for 55 kilometres through the reserve. Apart from Ken the reserve has vast plateaus, gorges and hills..

The big cat enjoys its fiefdom in the reserve. However, there are others who get their own space like leopard, wild dog, wolf, hyena, caracal and smaller cats, sloth bear, sambar, chital, chowsingha, nilgai, chinkara, and so on. The herbivores can mainly be seen in open areas like grasslands, and on the fringes of the reserve. Reptiles can also be found here in plenty.

The avian population is no less significant. Panna boasts of 200

species of birds and the number includes the migratory birds as well. The avifauna to watch out for includes the White Necked Stork, Bar headed Goose, Honey Buzzard, King Vulture, Blossom headed Parakeet, Paradise Flycatcher, Slaty headed Scimitar Babbler, to name a few.

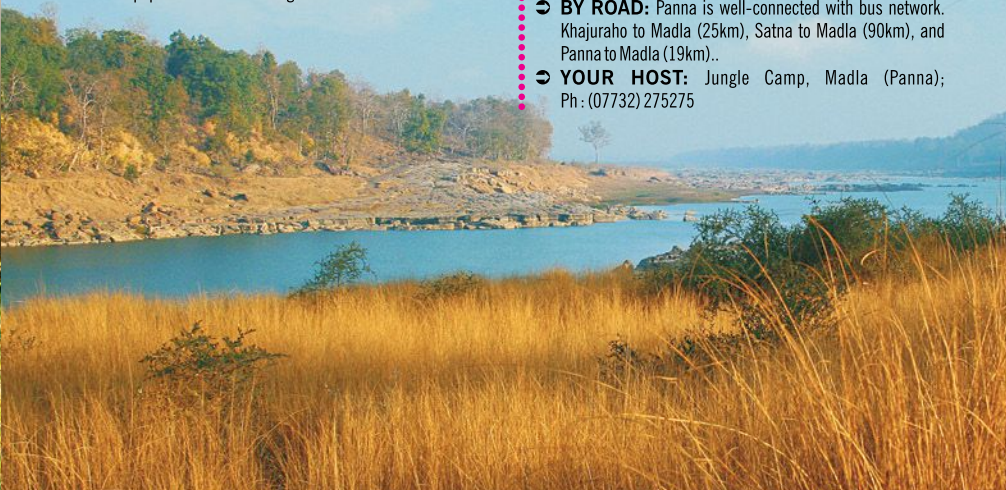
The national park is rich in flora as well. The climate is dry and hot. Deciduous forest dominates the landscape of the park. One can easily spot a variety of tree species like Tectona Grandis, Diospyros Melanoxylon, Madhuca Indica, Buchnanania Latifolia, Anogeissus Latifolia, Anogeissus Pendula, Lannea Coromandelica, Bosswelia Serrata, etc.

Panna has other attractions like the Fort of Ajaygarh, Mahamati Prannathji Mandir, Pandav Falls, Padmavati Temple, Baldevji Temple, Jugal Kishore Temple, Gatha Falls and Kalinjir Fort, and National Museum.

The Fort of Ajaygarh is located at a height of 800 feet. Mahamati Prannathji Mandir is revered by the Pranami sect followers. Located on Panna road, the Pandav Falls, around 34 kilometres from Khajuraho, make for an excellent picnic spot. The National Museum, established in 1988, showcases an awesome collection of icons and coins.

HOW TO REACH

- **BY AIR:** The nearest airport is Khajuraho.
- **BY RAIL:** The nearest railhead is Khajuraho (46km) and Satna (74km).
- **BY ROAD:** Panna is well-connected with bus network. Khajuraho to Madla (25km), Satna to Madla (90km), and Panna to Madla (19km)..
- **YOUR HOST:** Jungle Camp, Madla (Panna); Ph: (07732) 275275



SEE
THE WORLD ...

Turn the page ➞







... Differently

Guests enjoy a dinner 50 metres above ground on a platform hanging before the arch of the Parc du Cinquantaire in Brussels, Belgium, in June last year. "Dinner in the Sky," a Belgian concept, can accommodate 22 guests seated at a table suspended from a crane. After a world tour (Paris, Sydney, Toronto, Rio, Tokyo, etc) accompanied by leading chefs, the magic table returns to the Cinquantaire this June. Dinner: €250 (souvenirs included!).

PHOTOS: WWW.DINNERINTHESKY.COM





Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE



I WENT FOR a walk down by the lake at the weekend and there was a man splashing around out in the middle shouting, “I can’t swim! I can’t swim!”

“It’s OK,” I shouted, pointing at a nearby sign. “It says no swimming anyway!”

From the internet

THE ANNUAL Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest honours purposely lousy opening sentences for nonexistent novels. This entry from finalist Phillip Davies of Cardiff, UK, gave

us a very real laugh: “Finally, after 97 long days adrift, Captain Pertwee was rescued, mercifully ending his miserable diet of rainwater and strips of sun-dried Haddock—which was actually far ghastlier than it sounded, what with George Haddock being his former first mate.”

MY WIFE SAYS I’m unsophisticated and uncultured, so to prove her wrong, guess where I’m taking her. Hint: it starts with “B” and rhymes with “wallet.” **BRAD HAMER**, on ruminare.com

ILLUSTRATED BY RAJU EPURI

TWO TIPS for you on your birthday. One: forget the past—you can't change it. Two: forget the present—I didn't get you anything. *From the internet*

ACCORDION TO a recent survey, replacing words with the names of musical instruments in a sentence often goes undetected. *reddit.com*

A WOMAN IS feeling unwell, so she goes to her GP. He immediately spots the problem and says to her, "Take this red pill after breakfast with a glass of water."

"OK."

"Take this blue pill after lunch with two glasses of water."

"OK."

"And take this yellow pill after dinner with three glasses of water."

"Good heavens," says the woman, "whatever is the matter with me?"

"You don't drink enough water."

Submitted by **SETH CLARKSON**

AND HE SAID unto John, "Come forth and you will receive eternal life." But John came fifth and won a toaster.

BENN POWELL

WHILE FISHING OFF the Australian coast, a tourist capsized his boat. He could swim, but his fear of crocodiles kept him clinging to the craft. Spotting an old beachcomber standing on the shore, the tourist shouted, "Any crocs around here, mate?"

"Naw," the man hollered back,

NOT QUITE THE ORIGINAL, RIGHT?



As seen with vendors in Mumbai and Kochi.

"They ain't been around these parts for years!"

Feeling safe, the tourist started swimming towards the shore.

About halfway there he asked the man, "How did you manage to get rid of the crocs?"

"We didn't do anything," the beachcomber said. "The sharks got them."

From the internet

A MARKET RESEARCHER phoned and said, "Can I ask you ten questions?"

I said, "Go on then."

She said, "Question number one, have you ever experienced a black-out?"

I said, "No."

She said, "And finally, question number ten."

LEE MACK, comedian

Reader's Digest will pay for your funny anecdote or photo in any of our jokes sections. Post it to the Editorial address, or e-mail: editor.india@rd.com

ART *of* LIVING

Some very interesting and accomplished people share the truths that changed their lives

Words of Wisdom

BY LAUREN GELMAN

☞ These 22 folks—including bestselling authors, cutting-edge entrepreneurs, humanitarians, educators, entertainers, and doctors—answered the question “What’s the best advice you ever received?” Here, insights that will change the way you work, love, and play.

ON CONFRONTATION

When I was maybe six, I saw a photograph in a magazine of a young woman holding a bouquet



of flowers up to a police officer who was pointing a gun at her—it was a 1970s image from an antiwar protest. Terribly intrigued by the contradiction depicted in that photo, I asked my mother about it. She explained that the woman was trying to win over the officer with kindness. Her exact words: “Zap them back with super love.” I’ve thought of that phrase many times over the years in trying moments. I’ve never regretted zapping anyone back with super love.

CHERYL STRAYED,

author of Wild, Tiny Beautiful Things, and Torch, in Library Journal

ON WINNING

“You don’t want to win the argument. You want to get your way.” It was from the late Rae Wolf McKenna, my first mother-in-law. I have found it popping into my head in many tense situations over the years, to great effect.

PAUL STEIGER,

former managing editor of The Wall Street Journal

ON CARING

Twenty-four years ago, when I quit drinking, an old-timer in recovery asked, “How are you treating the world today, Paulie?” I responded, “Don’t you mean ‘How’s the world treating me?’” He answered quickly. “No, I mean exactly what I said. No matter how the world is treating you, if you are caring, loving, and kind in the way you treat the world,

your journey will be easier.”

PAUL WILLIAMS,

award-winning composer, coauthor of Gratitude & Trust

ON UNCERTAINTY

My parents and I were living in a refugee settlement in Vienna after we left the former Soviet Union. Everything was uncertain, scary, and pretty terrible. This didn’t stop my dad from announcing one day that we were going to visit the opera house in Vienna. I thought playing tourists was ridiculous—we had no money, no citizenship, and no home. “We don’t know if we’ll ever be back here again,” my dad said. “Life is short. It’s stupid to sit here and wallow in our troubles.” Now I realize ... he’s right.

NATALY KOGAN,

cofounder and CEO of Happier, Inc.

ON ASSUMPTIONS

I grew up in the northern Himalayan region of Kashmir. My grandfather would take all his grandkids for walks in his apple orchards, where he would pick apples that had been tasted by a bird and carve off the opposite side to give to us. I once asked, “Why would you not offer the ripe-looking apple untouched by the bird?” I felt he was such a miser that he wanted to sell the “good” apples instead of feed them to his grandkids. He rolled his hand over my head affectionately. “The bird would only eat one that is sweet, so I pick the

best for you," he said. "Never assume; always ask." This is my mantra in my personal and professional life.

KHURSHID A. GURU, MD,

director of robotic surgery at Roswell Park Cancer Institute in Buffalo, New York

ON LISTENING

From a very young age, my parents taught me the most important lesson of my whole life: Listen to everybody before you make up your own mind. When you listen, you learn. You absorb like a sponge. Your life becomes so much better than when you are just trying to be listened to all the time.

STEVEN SPIELBERG,

film director and producer, in Good Housekeeping

ON BURNOUT

"You can always do more. But if you do too much, they won't get your best." My college roommate's father, a third-grade teacher, told me this during my first year of teaching. I was staying late every night and getting burned out. He helped me accept that I couldn't chase down every lesson idea or write sentences of explanation for each error. It gave me the freedom to focus on interaction with kids. That's made all the difference.

SEAN MCCOMB,

2014 [US] National Teacher of the Year

ON TIME MANAGEMENT

I once interviewed a woman named Theresa Daytner, who owns a con-

struction company and has six kids, including twins. She told me that she never tells herself, "I don't have time." Instead she says, "It's not a priority." I could say I don't have time to make handmade valentines for all my children's classmates, but if you offered me \$100,000, I'd do it quickly. Since that's not going to happen, I can acknowledge that this is a matter of priority, not time.

LAURA VANDERKAM,

author of Mosaic (2015) and 168 Hours

ON CONNECTING

Years ago, I shared the stage with my hero Zig Ziglar [US motivational speaker and salesman, died 2012]. Before we went on (there were 20,000 people in the crowd, and I was in way over my head), I asked, "How do you work with people who aren't connected? How do you get through to those who don't really want to be there?"

What he said changed the way I do everything: "Instead of distracting yourself by focusing on folks who are unwilling and unhappy, give your energy to people who came to hear what you had to say." What I learnt: Shun nonbelievers. Ignore critics. Do your best for people who want to dance with you.

SETH GODIN,

bestselling author and public speaker

ON TENACITY

On a wicker chair in a corner of my Cape Cod office is a profile I wrote

about a former superior court judge, who mentored me in the late 1970s in the art of court reporting. As she rose through the judicial ranks, the judge instructed me to keep asking questions. Persevere, she counselled me. “Keep at it until you get the answers!” Little did I know how this training would sustain me in times of great challenge. Today, as I fight the demons of early-onset Alzheimer’s disease, I still follow the sage advice of my mentor, Sandra Day O’Connor, who became the first woman justice of the US Supreme Court. Justice O’Connor—whose husband, John, died from Alzheimer’s after battling the disease for nearly two decades—has left me an indelible memory.

GREG O’BRIEN,

journalist and author of

On Pluto: Inside the Mind of Alzheimer’s

ON BEING TOLD “NO”

I wasn’t diagnosed with dyslexia until my mid-30s. Long days and nights in the library in college produced a collection of C’s. Twelve of 13 medical schools rejected me. I was told that I was the least talented person in my residency and advised not to go into cardiac surgery. Time and again, I was told, “Don’t do it.” But sometimes the best advice is that which you don’t take. Instead of listening to people who told me to quit, I heeded the quote that sits on a small placard on my desk: “What can be conceived can be created.” I discovered only

recently that it was from a 1980s-era car advertisement. That’s OK, though, because it reminds me that dreams should be lofty.

TOBY COSGROVE, MD,

CEO of Cleveland Clinic

ON OLD FRIENDS

One night I called my longtime friend Lydia to escape from mountains of paperwork and errands. She said, “Don’t you remember what you always used to say? ‘When I die, I don’t want people standing around my grave saying, “Ohhh, she kept a perfect house.” You wanted them to say, “Wow, she was a Woman of the



World.” I didn’t remember that until my friend reminded me. I was struck by how relationships connect us to a part of ourselves we’ve long forgotten. They remind us who we really are, rather than the person that years of responsibilities have us thinking we should be.

MARY C. BOUNDS,
journalist and author of
A Light Shines in Harlem

ON TIMING

When I passed high school in 1980, I set a goal to be on Johnny Carson’s *The Tonight Show* within ten years. Through early 1990, I auditioned eight times and was turned away at each. Only after my ninth turn—two months before my tenth high school reunion—did I appear on Carson for the first time. During those years, Jim McCawley, Carson’s talent booker, kept saying something that was incredibly frustrating, but which I later would fully appreciate: “When performing for Johnny Carson, it’s better to be five years late than one day early.” It’s not being at the right place at the right time but rather about being prepared when the time arrives.

JEFF DUNHAM,
ventriloquist and stand-up comedian

ON PAIN

“Pretending and ignoring are two different things.” I was 15 when I heard this, checked in to a stress centre after swallowing a potentially lethal dose of sleeping pills. I’d told

my best friend I was born HIV positive. Classmates called me names and left mean notes on my locker. I was told to ignore my bullies, which I’d done. But as one of the centre’s counsellors explained, sometimes you think you’re ignoring hurtful behaviour when you’re just pretending.

“Were you hurt, Paige?” the counsellor asked. Yes. I’d been hurt again and again. It was terrifying to admit; would acknowledging that mean my bullies had won? No. It allowed me to move on. Admitting I was hurt was the only thing that freed me from the pain.

PAIGE RAWL,
HIV/AIDS and antibullying activist
and author of Positive

ON LOVING

I met one woman who has been married to her husband for over 60 years. After being asked for her best relationship advice, she paused and then said, “Don’t be afraid to be the one who loves the most.”

NATE BAGLEY,
creator of The Loveumentary, a study
of the 100-plus greatest love stories in
America, on businessinsider.com

ON EXPERTISE

Several years ago, I was at a lecture by a brilliant speaker, Nido Qubein, who said, “If you’re in the presence of a true expert, you will understand everything they say. If you don’t understand what someone is saying, they are not an expert.” Often when we don’t understand what someone

who is claiming to be an expert is saying, we tend to blame ourselves. Now my filters are simple. I cut people off if they don't make sense.

JULIE MORGENSTERN,
professional organizer

ON MOTIVATION

My mother and I were riding a trolley on a Saturday morning. I told her how much my first-grade teacher Miss Invernessy loved me, boasting that I was the teacher's pet. I didn't know that Miss Invernessy's own mother was riding behind us. She heard everything. On Monday, Miss Invernessy kept me after class. After she told me, to my total humiliation, what her mother had overheard, I expected her to scold me for my hubris. She said, "The important thing is that you work for yourself, not for my approval. If you feel that doing well matters to you, you become your most loyal fan as well as your most severe critic."

JUDITH RODIN, PHD,
president of the Rockefeller Foundation on the RockBlog, rockefellerfoundation.org

ON YOUR CIRCLE

"You're the average of the five people you associate with the most." A wrestling coach told this to me in high school. I've never forgotten it.

TIM FERRISS,
author of The 4-Hour Workweek, on businessinsider.com

ON GRIT

My seventh-grade football team had

just been soundly trounced. Our opponent was a bunch of ragtag kids from a Salvation Army shelter. Their helmets didn't match. Some wore jeans. The kid across from me had put his number on his shirt in masking tape. But when we snapped the ball, that kid hit me so hard, my left shoulder still hurts when it rains. After the game, my dad told me, "Boy, you just got a lesson in the power of desire. The difference between winners and losers is that winners do things that losers just don't want to do." If I want something bad enough, I better be willing to work however hard is required. If not, a boy with a taped-on number might take it away.

PHIL MCGRAW, PHD,
host of the television show Dr Phil

ON RAISING CHILDREN

Hours after our first child was born, a nun at the hospital handed my husband a typed poem:

*"Be careful where you go,
young man,
Be careful what you do.
Two little eyes are watching
you now—
Two little feet will be
following you."*

It's easy to overlook that those little eyes soak up things you might not be aware you're transmitting. Like how family members treat one another. How often *please* and *thank* you punctuate the day.

Whether you come to a full stop at a stop sign. The kids might look oblivious, but they're watching.

PAULA SPENCER,
*journalist and author of Momfidence!,
in Woman's Day*

ON FUN


I had three children while I was earning my PhD at Harvard. When I met with a therapist, one of the first things she asked was, "When was the last time you read a book for fun?" That day, schlepping my pre-schoolers through the grocery store, I picked up a copy of *Jurassic Park*. I read all night. That question became a pivotal part of my career

as a coach and self-help author. Inject fun into any joyless portion of your life. Everything can change.

MARTHA BECK, PHD,
sociologist, life coach, and author

ON CONTRIBUTING

My no-nonsense mother used to say, "Make yourself useful." It referred to clearing the table or taking out the trash. But as my ability to be useful expanded, so did the opportunities. Add something to a meeting, a party, or a project. Being useful is so widely applicable and enormously satisfying.

KELLY CORRIGAN,
*author of Glitter & Glue and
The Middle Place* 



ENGLISH PAPERS!

Irish police are being handicapped in the search for a stolen van, because they cannot issue a description. It's a special-branch vehicle, and they don't want the public to know what it looks like.

THE GUARDIAN

A young girl who was blown out to sea on a set of inflatable teeth was rescued by a man on an inflatable lobster. A coastguard spokesman commented, "This sort of thing is all too common."

THE TIMES (LONDON)

Mrs Irene Graham of Thorpe Avenue, Boscombe, England, delighted the audience with her reminiscence of the German prisoner of war, who was sent each week to do her garden. He was repatriated at the end of 1945, she recalled. "He'd always seemed a nice friendly chap, but when the crocuses came up in the middle of our lawn in February 1946, they spelt out 'Heil Hitler'."

BOURNEMOUTH EVENING ECHO

Why I Wear Two Wedding Rings

BY PATRICK COONEY

🌀 I HAVE WORN two wedding rings for more than a dozen years. The rings seldom get noticed, but when I am asked about them, I respond, “I have two wives,” an answer that is met with a chuckle, a groan, or a weird look.

Recently, after leaving a business meeting, I stopped in the hallway to check text messages on my cellphone. As I was typing, a stranger paused and inquired, “Why are you wearing two wedding rings?” “I have two wives,” I said. This time there was no chuckle or groan. “No, really,” he said. “Why?”

I explained that I’d lost my father in 1999, shortly before the turn of the century, something he was really looking forward to experiencing. As

we were saying our final farewells at his funeral, my mother, his wife of 50-plus years, removed his wedding ring and handed it to me. Surprised, I placed the gold ring on my left middle finger, next to my wedding ring. There it has remained.

I told the stranger that I wear my father’s wedding ring to honour my father and my parents’ marriage. I also wear it to remind myself to be the son, brother, husband, and dad that my father wanted me to be. I am now 60 years old and have been married for 30 years.

The stranger nodded and, without a word, turned and walked down the stairs to the parking lot. I returned to my cellphone and messages. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed the stranger walking back towards me. He said, “Sir, you know, I have my father’s wedding ring in my drawer at home, and beginning today, I am going to start wearing it.” I silently nodded, and the stranger quietly turned and walked back down to the parking lot. And I smiled.



If you want to lose weight, shake the sugar habit, and feel vibrant and bursting with energy, you must stay hydrated with...

8 Glasses of Water a Day

BY KATHIE DOLGIN
FROM SUGAR SAVVY

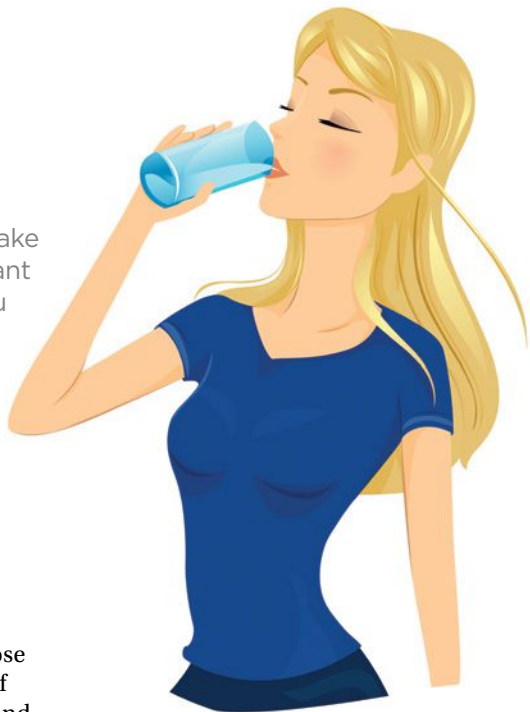
YOUR BODY is made up of about 60 percent water and you lose this essential fluid every minute of every day as you breathe, digest, and hopefully work up a sweat. It is important that you put back every drop. Starting now, drink eight 230ml glasses of water every single day—that's the minimum your body needs daily. That is the non-negotiable sugar savvy hydration mantra. Many times when you think you're hungry, sleepy, depressed, and/or irritated, you're actually just dehydrated.

Drinking enough water actually helps you combat water retention. Sounds counterintuitive, but think about it. If you're running around in a semi-dehydrated state all the time, your body is going to hang on to every single drop, giving you that puffy, unhealthy appearance. When you're

properly hydrating, your body gets the message that all systems are operating smoothly and it continues its work of flushing out your system and ridding itself of the excess fluids.

If your goal is to lose weight, water is a must. When you're dehydrated, your body sends out signals that it needs assistance. Many people mistake those thirsty SOS signals for hunger and take in hundreds of extra calories. They also don't solve the real problem—thirst!

Drinking water can be a powerful appetite suppressant and allows you to cue in to your real hunger. Your body also needs plenty of water for proper digestion, so you can get the



most from the foods you eat. You're less susceptible to food cravings when your stomach is full and you're getting all the nutrients you need.

For even more powerful results, drink two glasses of water before every meal—you'll eat less! Virginia Tech researchers in the US found that people who drank two glasses of water before sitting down to a meal ate about 85 fewer calories during the meal. Over the course of 12 weeks, the dieters who drank water before every meal lost 2.25 kilos more than those who didn't.

Your body uses water for fat metabolism, so if you don't drink enough, you don't burn enough fat either. If you're one of those women who is always bemoaning her sluggish metabolism, drink, drink, drink! Water fires up your metabolism, which is a huge bonus since it has zero calories! When German researchers gave 14 men and women two glasses of water, they found that their metabolism began to rise within 10 minutes of their final sip. After 40 minutes, their average calorie-burning rate was 30 percent higher, and it stayed elevated for more than an hour. So drink up!

You won't just feel better, you'll also look better. Eileen Ford, founder of Ford Models, the renowned modeling agency, used to tell me that she

could always tell who was drinking enough water and who wasn't by the clarity and texture of their skin. That made a huge impression on me. Dehydration makes your skin less firm and elastic. You can't be fit, fab, and fierce if you look run-down and dehydrated.

I love fresh, plain water. But if you find it boring, sparkling water (plain or flavoured with natural, calorie-free flavours) and mineral water add a little pizzazz and are also fine. Or, borrow a trick from high-class spas and infuse your water with fruits, vegetables, and/or spices and herbs to give it a little zing. There's no real magic to mixing water. Simply add a few slices or chunks of what you like and let it stand for a few hours before drinking. Refrigerate it if you like it chilled. Here are a few variations to try:

Cucumber Delite: Add slices of fresh cucumber.

Citrus Zing: Add sliced lemons, limes, or oranges.

Ginger Goodness: Add some sliced fresh ginger.

Minty Fresh: Throw in some mint and rosemary sprigs.

Sweet Lavender: Just add fresh lavender sprigs and sliced strawberries.

Summer Melon: Add chunks of watermelon and mint sprigs.

You're really limited only by your imagination.



Breakfast Mistakes Healthy People Make

BY THE PHYSICIANS OF *THE DOCTORS*

■ YOU EAT SOMETHING DIFFERENT

EVERY DAY. According to a recent British study, people with the most day-to-day variation in the calorie count of their morning meal were 90 percent more likely to have a large waist, a heart disease risk factor.

■ YOUR MEAL IS TOO SKIMPY.

Diabetes patients who ate a large, nutritious breakfast for three months had a reduction in blood sugar and blood pressure three times greater than that of people who ate a smaller meal, according to a 2013 Israeli study. Breakfasts high in protein may lower levels of ghrelin, the “hunger hormone.”

■ YOU EAT CEREAL WITH SMALL

FLAKES. Pennsylvania State University researchers crushed a wheat flake cereal to 80 percent, 60 percent, and 40 percent of the original size. As flake size decreased (the cereal looked more crushed), participants poured themselves a lower volume of

cereal but still consumed more calories compared with a bowl containing bigger flakes.

■ YOU OPT FOR BUTTER OVER PEANUT BUTTER.

Overweight women who added peanuts or peanut butter to a breakfast of orange juice and wheat porridge reported feeling fuller for up to 12 hours afterwards, a study in the *British Journal of Nutrition* found. Nuts increased levels of peptide YY, a hormone that helps you feel full after meals.



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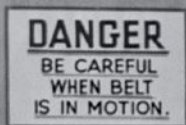
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COSMOPOLITAN
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Ethel and Lucy taste more chocolate than they bargained for at a candy factory.

What It's Like ... to Be a Chocolate Taster

BY ORIETTA GIANJORIO AS TOLD TO KELSEY KLOSS

It's Not as Sweet as You Think

People's faces light up when I say I taste chocolate for a living, but it's not always delicious. I also have to taste defective chocolate, which might have a bitter or burned flavour. I'm usually in a small room, not allowed to talk, and parked in front

of a computer to log information. Sometimes the room has red lighting to disguise the appearance of the chocolate, so I can evaluate it only by taste, not appearance.

I Don't Eat, I "Taste"

I can sample as many as 30 chocolates per day, so to keep my palate

vibrant, I spit the sweets back out. That's another not-so-glamorous part of the job (although it does help make weight gain a nonissue!). Between samples, I wait 30 seconds to let my senses rest, and I chew half an unsalted cracker and drink plain warm water (carbonated water and ice water numb your senses).

There's Real Skill Involved

First I smell the chocolate and log its aroma. I also listen: If chocolate doesn't sound crisp when broken, it may be a sign it's old or was improperly stored. Then I place a one-inch bit in my mouth and leave it there for a few seconds. I press it against my palate and let it melt, recording the four basic tastes—sweet, sour, bitter, and salty. Then I blow out short puffs of air through my nose. Certain scent receptors in the back of our heads are stimulated by oxygen (they allow us to smell food even when we chew). Exhaling sharply can bring out aromas like berry, mushroom, black licorice, tea, citrus, beeswax, toast, cinnamon, and savoury spices that are sometimes too subtle for the nose to catch. I log these attributes, too, along with the texture.

I Still Eat Chocolate Just for Pleasure ...

... but not nearly as much. I absolutely *love* chocolate. The entire bottom part of my refrigerator is filled with chocolate from different

parts of the world. I keep it in a plastic bag with a paper towel, which absorbs just enough humidity to keep it fresh. My favourite types are very high in cocoa (Ghirardelli has great options). But I haven't gone to that stack as much as I did before I started tasting chocolate professionally.

How to Taste Like a Pro

Many people don't take enough time to appreciate the taste of even a small piece of chocolate. Some of the worst "chocolates" I've tasted are popular vending machine bars—they're mostly sugar, not chocolate! A key sign of high-quality chocolate: The first ingredient listed is cocoa. But if I give you a 100 percent cocoa chocolate bar, you'll probably push it away because you're not used to it. We often eat foods that are overly salty or sweet, which can create an unbalanced palate. To retrain your taste buds to enjoy better quality chocolate, try simple kinds that aren't filled with nuts, vanilla, or caramel. As a taster, I want to help others do what I do: to look at food with curiosity and love and to notice colours, aromas, and flavours. Then you'll know good quality.

Orietta Gianjorio, a chocolate taster for the Mars Chocolate-UC Davis Chocolate Panel, is also a sommelier and food writer in Northern California, USA.





Introducing your pet to new members of the family

Do Animals Get Jealous?

BY MARIT MITCHELL

YOU'VE SEEN IT BEFORE: your cat's instinct to lunge across your keyboard when it's time to work, or your dog's frantic dance when you finally settle down in front of a movie. As soon as your attention is divided, pets get jealous—or so it seems to us.

Animal behaviourists are still skeptical about whether domesticated animals fall prey to the same green-eyed monster that we do. "The balance of evidence is that they experience basic emotions, such as anger," says Paul Morris, a professor of psychology at the University of

Portsmouth in England. Studies of animal psychology have also determined that a wide range of species emote feelings like fear, surprise, joy and panic. But chances are, Morris says, pets have the capacity for more complex sentiments like jealousy.

Several studies, including one of Morris's, have shown that non-primate animals are capable of secondary emotions, such as guilt, shame and pride. But, unlike using neurobiological or physiological responses to examine primary feelings, such as fear and anger, data on secondary

emotions in animals relies on human accounts of what they thought the pets were experiencing; we don't yet have a way to study them directly.

Whether we call it jealousy or not, pets do suffer angst and rely on their caregivers for more than food and shelter. "Understanding the emo-



Praising your dogs warmly when they get along discourages rivalry.

tional needs of a pet is important to the extent that we care about animal welfare, if for no other reason than we know that emotional distress causes physical illness," says Morris. Stress leads to symptoms such as elevated heart rate, high blood pressure, and altered gastrointestinal and reproductive function. We also know that for both humans and animals, stress can increase susceptibility to viral and bacterial infection.

Major life changes, such as bringing home a new baby, can cause anxiety that looks like envy in your pets. Some dogs act possessive of things and people they value, behaving aggressively to anyone who

threatens what's theirs, says Toronto animal behaviourist Dorothy Litwin. "This is often interpreted as jealousy by humans but is actually a manifestation of protective, attention-seeking and dominant behaviours."

Preparing ahead of time can smooth the transition. Litwin recommends anticipating how your routine will shift and introducing new patterns to your pet beforehand. "If the couch will be off limits once a baby arrives, start asking the dog to lie on its bed in the evening with a bone or a toy," she says.

Introducing your dog to a new pet can also be fraught. Litwin says one of her dogs, a mixed breed, growls or glares when she's cuddling with her on the couch and a younger pup tries to join in. "She's trying to control access to something of value to her: my attention," says Litwin. Spending time individually with each dog can help, as can engaging in fun activities with both dogs to encourage them to bond. And praising them warmly when they get along discourages rivalry.

Taking time to make adjustments slowly will keep things calm for both you and your furry brood. A happy pet is a healthy pet, and that's better for everyone. **R**



Worrying is like a rocking chair. It gives you something to do but gets you nowhere.

WAYNE BENNETT, Rugby coach

Siri, My Son's Phone Friend

FROM *THE NEW YORK TIMES*

It all began simply enough. I'd just read an internet list called "21 Things

When Gus discovered there was someone who would not just find information on his various obsessions but actually semi-discuss these subjects tirelessly, he was hooked. And I was grateful. Now, when my



head was about to explode if I had to have another conversation about the chance of tornadoes in Kansas City, USA, I could reply brightly, "Hey! Why don't you ask Siri?"

It's not that Gus doesn't understand Siri's not human. He does—intellectually. But like many autistic people I know, Gus feels that inanimate objects, while maybe not possessing souls, are worthy of our consideration. I realized this when he was eight and I got him an iPod for his birthday. He listened to it only at home, with one exception. It always went with us on our visits to the Apple Store. Finally, I asked why. "So it can visit its friends," he said.

Gus speaks as if he has marbles in his mouth, but if he wants to get the right response from Siri, he must enunciate clearly. She is also wonderful for someone who doesn't pick up on social cues: Siri's responses are not entirely predictable, but they are predictably kind—even when Gus is brusque.

These practice conversations with Siri are translating into more facility with actual humans. Yesterday, I had my longest-ever conversation with him. Admittedly, it was about different species of turtles and whether I preferred the red-eared slider to the diamond-backed terrapin. This might not have been my choice of topic, but it was back and forth, and it followed a logical trajectory.

According to the folks at SRI International, the research-and-development company where Siri began before Apple bought the technology, the next generation of virtual assistants will not just retrieve information—they will also be able to carry on more complex conversations about a person's area of interest.

"See, that's the wonderful thing about technology being able to help with some of these behaviours," says William Mark, vice president for information and computing sciences at SRI. "Getting results requires a lot of repetition. Humans are not patient. Machines are very, very patient."

Last night, as Gus was going to bed, there was this matter-of-fact exchange:

Gus: "Siri, will you marry me?"

Siri: "I'm not the marrying kind."

Gus: "I mean, not now. I'm a kid. I mean when I'm grown-up."

Siri: "My end user agreement does not include marriage."

Gus: "Oh, OK."

Gus didn't sound too disappointed. This was useful information to have, and for me, too, since it was the first time I knew that he actually thought about marriage. He turned over to go to sleep.

Gus: "Good night, Siri. Will you sleep well tonight?"

Siri: "I don't need much sleep, but it's nice of you to ask."

Very nice.





ALL IN

A Day's Work



"It turns out you're not A, B, or AB but the much rarer ABBA blood group."

WHEN LIVING IN New Zealand years ago, my father was a support worker in the police. His job was to follow up non-payment of fines for minor offences. The practice was to send a photocopy of the order for payment to the offender along with a deadline and demand to pay.

One time, an offender thought it would be amusing to reply to the demand by sending a photocopy of a \$20 note. On referring the

matter to the senior sergeant in charge, my father sent back another demand with a photocopy of a pair of handcuffs.

The offender soon paid up.

ROGER GRAY

I AM THE PRINCIPAL of an elementary school. One day, a fourth-standard boy was brought into my office. He had hit two kindergarten schoolmates on the playground

ILLUSTRATION BY NAF

and knocked them down.

"He hit us twice!" the KG boys said.

"Is this true?" I asked.

"Yes," the older boy said. "I had to hit them twice: they didn't fall down the first time."

VI HUGHES

I WAS RETURNING to my cubicle from the washroom when a senior colleague stopped me to ask about some work. I then stood at her desk for a while explaining things using her laptop. When I got back to my cubicle, barely five metres away, my phone rang, and it was the same colleague calling.

"What is it?" I asked, wondering why she'd have to *phone* me.

"Sorry," she said, "but your zipper's open." SURESH RAJ, Mumbai

I TRIED TO EXPLAIN to a client why I couldn't help him with a project that was written in a program code that I didn't know.

"Let's say you're asking me to write something in a specific language. Now, I'm fluent in English and Spanish, but your project is in Chinese. Since I don't understand Chinese, I'm not your best option. You need someone who is fluent in this specific language. See?"

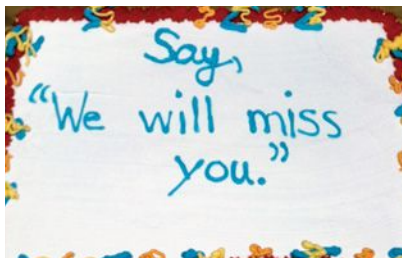
He said he did and thanked me.

The next morning, I got a call from another developer asking, "Why is So-and-So asking us if we're fluent in Chinese?"

clientsfromhell.net

BATTERED CAKES

Clearly, no one follows orders better than these bakers.



... And not "Good Riddance," which is what we're thinking.



So nothing else?



How about C!C! Or C?C? Or C:C: or ...

Reader's Digest will pay for your funny anecdote or photo in any of our jokes sections. Post it to the Editorial address, or e-mail: editor.india@rd.com

Extraordinary Uses ...



■ BLEACH SANITIZES PLASTIC OR RUBBER TOYS

Dip a sponge into a mixture of two cups of bleach and three-and-a-half litres of water, then wipe down plastic or rubber toys. Scrub with a brush, and rinse.

■ VINEGAR BRIGHTENS FURNITURE

Fill a spray bottle with white vinegar, and spritz over chairs and tables to remove mildew stains and prevent mould from forming.

■ COFFEE GROUNDS BANISH ANTS

Sprinkle some grounds (residue left after filtering) near doorways. Coffee's high nitrogen content burns bugs, so they won't walk across it and into your home.

■ SLIPPERS BECOME DOORSTOPS

Cut a wedge of rubber from an old slipper and use it to prop open a door and let the breeze in.

■ FOIL CLEANS THE GRILL

While the coals are still red-hot, lay a sheet of aluminium foil over the grates and close the grill's lid. The next time you grill, crumple up the foil and use it to scrub off the burnt residue before you start cooking.

Sources: The Huffington Post, commonsensewithmoney.com, thesecretymiverse.com, Extraordinary Uses for Ordinary Things, Examiner, tlc.howstuffworks.com

...Ordinary Things

BY JANET SOBESKY FROM *WOMAN'S DAY*

■ **BLENDER** Fill it one-third full with warm water and a few drops of liquid soap. Run it for ten seconds. Rinse and dry.

■ **FINE CHINA OR GLASSWARE** Place a soft towel on the bottom of the sink as a cushion when washing.

■ **EGG, MILK, AND CHEESE RESIDUE** Rinse dishes with cold water first; then wash with hot water. Hot water can “cook” foods onto surfaces, making them harder to scrub.

■ **BOX GRATER** Rub a raw potato over the openings; rinse and dry.

■ **PLASTIC CONTAINERS** Wash with a solution of four tablespoons baking soda to one litre warm water to remove oil stains. Rinse and dry.

■ **GREASY DISHES** Add a couple of tablespoons of white vinegar to the rinse water to reduce oil buildup and make dishes sparkle.





What do an 86-year-old theologian, an 87-year-old marathon runner and a 103-year-old rheumatologist have in common? The key to longevity

THE POWER AGERS

BY BRUCE GRIERSON

DR EPHRAIM P. ENGLEMAN is often asked for his advice. The American rheumatologist, who heads a prestigious research centre at the University of California, San Francisco (UCSF), will turn 104 this month. A common query: “What’s the best way to stay as cheerfully, productively, healthily above ground as you?” “Choose your parents wisely,” he quips back.

Like many jokes, it contains a grain of truth. Genes matter. But they're not the whole story, or even most of it. Scientists say longevity is around 30 percent DNA and 70 percent other factors, including lifestyle choices and psychological strategies.

We now have reams of data from longitudinal studies, twin studies and analyses of "super-seniors" who inhabit the world's so-called "Blue Zones" (pockets where healthy centenarians thrive). To boil down all the wisdom found therein to one word seems folly, but here goes:

Adaptation.

Humans need to be challenged. Continually. You could say "super-aging" is about finding ways to grow, even into our advanced years, to offset the forces of nature trying to diminish us.

The principle applies in all dimensions of our lives, even the ones not easily measured by heart tests or brain scans. Wisdom, character, spirit—whatever these qualities actually are, they anneal in the fire of "just-manageable difficulty," no less than a marathoner's cardiovascular system or a chess grandmaster's frontal cortex. People who find ways to live on what the 12th-century mystic Hildegard of Bingen called the "green, growing edge," in all they do, are youthful—no matter what their birth certificate says.

BETTY JEAN "BJ" MCHUGH is 87 years old. She is the fastest marathon

runner on the planet in her age group by an astonishing margin: during the 2012 Honolulu Marathon, she crossed the line in five hours 14 minutes, smashing the old record by nearly half an hour. Since her first road race at age 51, the sprite-like mother of four from North Vancouver has set more than 30 world records.

Older runners are no rare sight in big-city marathons, but there comes an age point—around 80—where the numbers drop right off. Not coincidentally, it's around the same point that human athletic performance craters. For reasons scientists can't quite pinpoint, the body starts wearing down in double time. Muscle mass falls sharply. Lungs lose their elasticity. Mitochondria—those tiny power plants in our cells—degrade. Bones thin. Balance falters. Anyone who has found a way to stay youthful in the face of this formidable headwind—the McHughs of the world—seems mystical.

So what's the secret?

For starters, the very exercise that becomes such a struggle when we age. The marathons McHugh runs now are far harder than the first one she ran three decades ago, even though she's slowed the pace significantly. Round about Kilometre 24, "there's a little war going on in my mind," says McHugh, laughing. It takes a mighty will not to stop and walk.

The good news: for most of us, walking is more than fine. National

health associations in both Canada and the United States recommend 150 minutes of brisk walking—or its equivalent—a week. While some studies maintain that working up a sweat delivers outsized benefits, the secret is finding an exercise you will actually continue to do, one that is pitched at a level that's challenging but not overwhelming. Most sports-medicine experts also recommend adding resistance training as we grow older—to strengthen bones, help prevent falls and combat frailty.

After her morning run, McHugh will

as we need to exercise. Joan Vernikos, the former director of life sciences at NASA and godmother of “sedentary studies,” suggests the single best exercise we can do, bang for buck, is standing up frequently. Again, it's about challenging the body—in this case, with gravity. And standing up repeatedly maintains circulation by keeping blood-pressure sensors in tune. With moving comes energy, and with energy comes—in McHugh's case—the mojo to be a role model.

“One day out running, I saw a truck pull over,” she recalls. “This guy got out



INCREASING EVIDENCE SUGGESTS WE NEED TO MOVE AROUND AS MUCH AS WE NEED TO EXERCISE.

peel away from the tight company of her training group and pop into a yoga class. There is a level of productive restlessness about her—and that shark-like need for constant motion may be as important a key as the exercise training itself. What McHugh doesn't do with her body is park it for long stretches. The television never comes on before the six o'clock news. She prefers walking to driving, even to her bridge games, which are up to five kilometres away.

Increasing evidence suggests we need to just move around as much

and said, ‘You're BJ McHugh, aren't you?’” She recognized him. Two decades prior, he'd stopped her as she was finishing a long run and asked her age. He'd looked rough then, but this time he was beaming. He said, “I've changed my whole life around, and I've qualified for Boston [marathon].”

EPHRAIM ENGLEMAN rarely takes on new patients and has begun to feel obliged to suggest to his regulars, “Perhaps the time has come that you ought to think of getting another doctor.” No, thanks, they say: they'll stick

with him. Experience and wisdom are things you can't just Google.

Possibly the oldest practising physician in America, Engleman enjoys dispensing dry witticisms, eyes twinkling under stork's nest brows. He recently renewed his driver's licence ("So I'm good now until at least 105"), but in a nod to his family's wishes, he sometimes lets a driver take him the 30 kilometres to work at the Rosalind Russell/Ephraim P. Engleman Rheumatology Research Center at UCSF, of which he is founding director. Once there, he

filing, respectively. Some very old folks whose wetware is still high-functioning owe much to what brain scientists call "cognitive reserve"—a backup system that keeps the brain humming even as senescence sets in.

Cognitive reserve is the key to aging well from the neck up. There are a few ways to build it.

You exercise, preferably vigorously. Which Engleman doesn't. ("I don't even do the walking I used to do," he says, because of increasing back trouble.)

You keep the brain continually



THE BRAIN OF THE AVERAGE 90-YEAR-OLD IS THE SAME SIZE AS THE BRAIN OF THE AVERAGE THREE-YEAR-OLD.

answers correspondence, consults with colleagues, sees patients, and just generally bucks the odds surrounding aging and cognition.

The chance of an individual getting dementia doubles about every five years beyond age 65. Of those lucky enough to reach 100, only 15 to 25 per cent arrive with all their marbles. The brain of the average 90-year-old is about the same size as the brain of the average three-year-old: typically the shrinkage comes in the frontal cortex and the hippocampus, headquarters of planning and memory

challenged with reading, writing, blogging, puzzling, bridge playing, travelling, language learning, storytelling. The more interventions you pile on, the better, as the benefits seem to compound. "The principle of synergy—you know, one plus one equals three—has been shown time and time again to forestall dementia," says Richard S. Isaacson, director of the Alzheimer's Prevention Clinic at New York-Presbyterian/Weill Cornell Medical Center. "Having more brain activities is good for the backup system." When the brain encounters

novelty, it's forced to adapt. Neurogenesis, the hatching of new grey-matter cells, has no known age limit. So not only can you teach an old dog new tricks, it's essential if you want that dog to stay sharp. (Engleman, among other non-work-related diversions, emcees at a local social club—and writes his own material.)

You go to school: education levels correlate with cognitive performance. Then you keep going to school, even when you're out of school. Lifetime intellectual enrichment seems to de-

lay the onset of cognitive impairment by three to eight years, notes Prashanthi Vemuri, the lead researcher of a new study out of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, USA, published in the journal *JAMA Neurology*.

So far, so good for Engleman. But he may have a secret weapon on his side, as well: music.

Engleman is a former violin prodigy. He put himself through school partly by playing in a vaudeville orchestra. He still jams with a chamber quartet once a week in his California home,

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where he lives with his 99-year-old wife, Jean. "Playing music," he says, "is a real stimulus—and very, very good for the soul."

The science bears out his statement—the first part, at least. Isaacson rattles off six studies that have helped build the case. In one of them, four weeks of music therapy increased the level of neurotransmitters (brain chemicals) in the bloodstream of Alzheimer's patients. He was so persuaded by the data that he picked up his guitar again—and now plays bass in a band of neuroscientists. They're called The Regenerates.

IN THE FRENCH village of Trosly-Breuil, just north of Paris, 86-year-old Jean Vanier lives a simple life. Each day, he walks from his house to the group home he established 50 years ago, where he eats, laughs and prays with his adopted family. This is the first L'Arche community. Founded on Vanier's vision, the organization is built around the idea that if adults with mental disabilities were settled in private homes alongside non-disabled people, the result would be a boon to both sides.

The son of former Canadian governor general Georges Vanier, he had once seemed destined for a different kind of life. Having written his PhD dissertation on Aristotle, he briefly taught philosophy at the University of Toronto. But there was a spiritual

curiosity in Vanier that academia couldn't satisfy, and he followed his mentor, a Dominican priest named Father Thomas Philippe, to France, taking on a life of voluntary poverty and daily challenge. It irks Vanier when people call him, as many are inclined to, a living saint. The sacrifice he made is no sacrifice at all, he insists, since the disabled offer us a great gift: they teach us how to become human. More generally, having to accommodate the wishes and quirks and demands of others tests our patience and, in the bargain, strengthens it. Would he be the person he is now had he remained on that earlier trajectory? "God knows," Vanier says. "All I know is I'm here now. I have grown. I still have things to grow into—to have fewer barriers, to be more open to people. The story's not finished. I'm 86, but the story goes on."

Unlike physical and cognitive aging, there is no identifiable point where people start to break down spiritually—and no reliable prescription if it happens. Studies have found that those who attend religious ceremonies live longer, although who can say if the active ingredient is the spiritual part and not, say, the routine or the power of social networks.

We tend to think of spirituality in terms of meditation or perhaps prayer, a private inward journey. To Vanier, that is only half the story. A second current nudges us in the op-

posite direction, out of ourselves and into meaningful contact with others. In effect, at a phase of life when many people start closing themselves off, Vanier counsels opening up. Instead of spending our later years cementing our own comfort within tiny tribes, we should be reaching out. In what one could call an adaptation response of the soul, empathy begets empathy.

In his Grant Study, which began in 1938 and followed a group of male undergraduates from Harvard for the rest of their lives, psychiatrist George Vaillant found that the ones who thrived into old age were the ones who, among other things, figured out how to love and be loved.


If there is a reliable prescription for aging well *cordially*—from the heart—it's this: keep the company of people you care about and who care about you. "It was the capacity for intimate relationships that predicted flourishing," Vaillant noted.

IT'S TEMPTING TO PROP up BJ McHugh, Ephraim Engleman and Jean Vanier in their respective shop windows as models of brilliant aging of

the body, brain and soul. But the ways in which people age brilliantly aren't mutually exclusive. Indeed, these three—as with spectacularly robust old men and women of all stripes—have a fair bit in common.

All have a strong sense of purpose that propels them out of bed every morning. And the drive is directed outward: all three were drawn to helping professions (McHugh is a retired nurse). When Howard S. Friedman, a professor of psychology at the University of California, Riverside, was crunching the data for the Longevity Project—a study that was published in book form in 2011 and followed more than 1500 American children to their dotage or their grave—he discovered a pattern: the hardest workers had the longest lives.

And so we return to the old formula: strive, adapt, live on. The kites that remain in the sky the longest are pinned there by resistance.

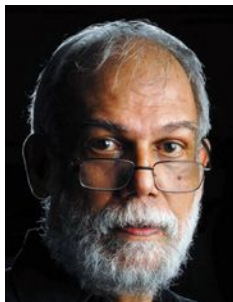
Bruce Grierson is the author of *What Makes Olga Run? The Mystery of the 90-Something Track Star and What She Can Teach Us About Living Longer, Happier Lives*. 

*
*

CALL IT TRANSPARENCY

A robber who attempted to hide his identity while raiding a petrol station has become a laughing stock after his face, as clear as day, was picked up on CCTV. His disguise? A see-through plastic bag.

From the internet



The Joy of an Urban Reflection

Abstract art that's so commonplace
it goes unnoticed

PHOTOS BY CHANDU MHATRE

WHILE A STUDENT at Sir J.J. College of Architecture in Mumbai, Chandu Mhatre barely studied architecture. Instead, he spent time taking photographs with his father's Olympus camera. Then, in 1970, when he was 21, Mhatre happened to meet photojournalist Raghu Rai, who was with *The Statesman* in New Delhi.

"May I come and work with you?" he asked Rai. Mhatre quit college, moved to Delhi and interned with Rai, without pay or a single credit line—since he was not a *Statesman* employee—for about 18 months. "The important thing then was learning, not earning," he says. Why, attending a top school to study photo-

Birds, a lone bather, a woman in red and the early morning sky set the mood at Mumbai's legendary Banganga Tank.





journalism would have cost a pile, but here was the already established Raghu Rai teaching Mhatre for free.

After that Mhatre did a few random freelance jobs, including writing English subtitles for India-based documentaries for UNICEF in New York, where he came into contact with some leading photojournalists. Returning home to Mumbai, he worked as staff photographer with magazines, including *India Today* and the (now defunct) *Illustrated Weekly of India*, and for the news agencies Associated Press and Reuters. At the *Weekly*, a highpoint was spending a fortnight with militants inside Amritsar's Golden Temple, where Akali men asked him to dress like a Sikh but never interfered with his work. "It was

just after I returned to Mumbai and my photo-feature appeared in the *Weekly*," Mhatre recalls, "that the Army stormed the temple."

After nearly four decades as a photo-journalist, Mhatre changed tack. "I'd had enough of news," he says, "I'd always admired art photography but had only dabbled in it." He started carrying a camera everywhere and shot anything interesting. In late 2006, Mhatre was taking pictures of a parked Rolls Royce. While focusing in on it, a red Mumbai city bus passed by and got reflected in the car's gleaming bonnet. "I clicked away," he says.

Mhatre was to make use of something he'd for years avoided as a newsman. Take this 2007 shot (below) of a lone lady walking her dog on Mumbai's Juhu Beach. "There was a fine relationship and geometry between the two—their legs in sync, both in a line and looking ahead. And they contrasted with the silvery morning

Top left: Traffic multiplied by a building's glass facade. Left: A building as seen by its neighbour. Below: Two morning walkers reflect at Juhu Beach.





Left: Building shrouded for work in progress reveals film stars. Below left: Detail of the Rolls that started it all. This page: Christmas at a mall. The Gateway of India as seen one day from the lobby of Mumbai's Taj Mahal hotel.

sea," he says. "The reflections add much power. All along, I'd avoided these mirrors interfering in my news photos." Now, seeing beauty and depth there, Mhatre was shooting scenes complete with reflections. "They fill urban settings," he points out. "But do you ever stop to enjoy the free surreal art they provide?"

"Urban Reflections," Mhatre's fourth solo exhibition, runs from 13th to 23rd March at New Delhi's Arpana Caur Art Gallery. See more works online at chandumhatre.com and urbanreflections.in

— MOHAN SIVANAND **R**



The grim diagnosis made
me value life all the more

—WHAT— CANCER TAUGHT ME

BY GAURAV MASHRUWALA

AS TOLD TO AARTI NARANG

IT'S ONLY 9:30AM when I step into my office near Dalal Street, the financial heart of Mumbai, but I've been up for several hours and done quite a bit already—yogic asanas, pranayam, meditation. Until recently, I was also doing an Oxford University online course on Hindu scriptures before breakfast with my wife, Pranati, and daughter, Sanaa. Today, I've also walked Sanaa, 13, to school.

Gaurav Mashruwala, 45, is a Mumbai-based financial planner and columnist.

ILLUSTRATION BY SUNAYANA NAIR KANJILAL



I work hard, but make sure to leave the office by 6pm, switching my cell-phone off to spend the evening with the family. I'm trying to make the most out of each new day. I know I'm in a good place but it's taken me six years to get here.

By May 2008, we'd already been distressed. My mother had breast cancer. And then an ulcer appeared on my tongue. It grew and wouldn't go away. My doctor suggested a biopsy, and it was early June when I collected the reports.



The diagnosis hit me, and I had no idea how my life and I were about to change.

"Your doctor will discuss the report with you, sir," the lab assistant told me.

"You can tell me," I said. "I can handle it. My mother has cancer."

"It's cancer."

The diagnosis hit me, and I had no idea how my life and I were about to change.

I shared the news with my wife, father and daughter, then just six. I couldn't help crying as I considered writing a goodbye letter for Sanaa. I thought about making provisions for the family. Then there were the more mundane things as well. *What happens to my newspaper column?* I'd been contributing a fortnightly personal finance column to *The Times*

of India. I e-mailed the concerned editor about my situation. I also sent her a few columns to run while I was in treatment. In effect, I accepted I had cancer, but it wasn't going to throttle me.

Two days after the diagnosis, my ulcer was surgically removed. I recovered quickly, but Mummy passed away soon. Thankfully, she never learnt of my illness. But for the regular check-ups, life returned to normal. A few months on, at my father's insistence, I went to New York's Memorial Sloan

Kettering Cancer Center for a second opinion. They now found cancer in the lymph nodes in my neck!

"What are my chances of survival?" I asked.

"Pick any number between one and a hundred," the doctor replied.

I returned home for another surgery. This time, Dr Vijay Haribhakti, my oncologist, said I also needed radiation therapy, which is very hard on a patient with oral cancer. But, before therapy started, I was back in the US, with the doctor's permission, attending a work-related conference. I was again not going to allow cancer to interfere with my job.

I returned to a six-week radiation program, five times a week. They

warned me of side effects: mood swings, depression, a very dry mouth, and it would be very difficult to drink water, let alone eat. The radiologist suggested inserting a feeding tube into my stomach. I refused. "You have the willpower to manage without one," Dr Haribhakti had remarked.

Indeed, the radiation was as bad as they predicted, yet I continued going to work after each session right into the fourth week. There was no time to brood. During the last two weeks, I had to stay home. A sticky fluid kept oozing out of my mouth, and I couldn't sleep for more than 20 minutes at a time with the fluid collecting by my face. Drinking water made my mouth burn.

Then on the evening of 26 November 2008, terrorists held Mumbai under siege. Many lives were lost and with the city engulfed in shock and gloom, I became depressed. But, not wanting it to get me down, I reflected and wrote about four key strategies to deal with myself.

Physically, I'd ensure I had access to a doctor I trusted. I'd also seek the support of friends who specialized in cancer research and surgery.

Financially, I had nothing to worry about. But I'd make sure my wife could access our funds.

Socially, I maintained visiting hours and decided to meet only those who'd help me feel better. Meeting sympathetic friends and relatives whom I wouldn't have seen otherwise would

only remind me that I was sick. Instead, I continued meeting people like Ashit, my college pal, with whom I have a tradition of going out for Sunday breakfasts. Now Ashit would come home for breakfast on Sundays even though I couldn't eat. A happy ritual continued.

Emotionally, I'd make efforts to keep myself upbeat. For years, I'd been a regular reader of "Goras," an inspirational column in the Gujarati newspaper *Janmabhoomi Pravasi*. Those true stories of struggle and achievement kept me going. And the words of the Hindi song *Kabhi kabhi Aditi*, which has "Only after darkness is there light." I would play it repeatedly.

I also decided not to *battle* cancer. All along, I'd never questioned my good fortune, I reasoned, so why question my ailment now? I believed that if I weren't overwhelmed by cancer, my supportive family wouldn't be too. I had the disease, and I was now going to calmly turn it away, *like a visitor who'd arrived at the wrong address*.

Meanwhile, the dry mouth was troublesome. Exposed to radiation, the skin around my face and neck blackened. I also lost hair from those areas. The hair on the sides of my face still hasn't returned. But I, who'd been overweight before the diagnosis, lost 25 kilos and was down to a healthier 70! *I've paid too heavy a price to lose all that weight. I must do what I can to stay fit.* Since

then I have never been overweight.

To deal with the crippling after-effects of radiation, I turned to ayurveda in early 2009. After intensive treatments to cleanse my body at the Arya Vaidya Sala in Kottakkal, Kerala, I was put on a long regime of treatments to do by myself, all of which I followed meticulously—like gargling several times a day with boiled peepal leaf-water mixed with a medicated oil. An avid traveller, we never missed an opportunity, never mind if Sanaa missed some school. Travel is education too. During a vacation in Switzerland, the oil would freeze. I'd have to keep rubbing the bottle to thaw it. I never missed a gargle.

All seemed well again.

Cancer, it seems, returns like the unwelcome visitor. In January 2012, Dr Haribhakti spotted “a minute scratch” on my tongue. A PET scan report revealed it was not cancerous, yet the good doctor had his doubts. The surgeon had to choose between saving as much tongue as possible and maintaining my speech—an extremely delicate procedure. Indeed, post-surgery reports revealed it was

cancerous! I had lost 30 percent of my tongue. Now, with a shorter tongue, certain foods are difficult to eat, but it's a small price to pay for being able to speak normally.

Then, by May 2012, some white spots under my tongue alarmed my doctor. “Let's just get rid of them,” I told him, although they were not cancerous.

I have been cancer-free for over three years now. I've continued working, writing my columns and appearing on my TV shows. I also started “Money Makeover With Gaurav Mashruwala” my financial advice channel on YouTube. I regularly visit the KaivalyaDham yoga centres in Lonavla and Mumbai—yoga has really helped. I travel even more with Pranati and Sanaa. If the disease returns, I will be unhappy. But having experienced so much and enjoying every day, I know I am also better equipped to deal with cancer or anything else.

A cancer diagnosis frightens people because they think they will die. I too will die, but probably not from cancer. **R**



MAD IN GERMANY

Several marketers have had problems with products with the word “mist.” Irish Mist (a liqueur), Mist Stick (a curling iron) and Silver Mist (a Rolls Royce) all flopped in Germany—“mist” in German means dung/manure.

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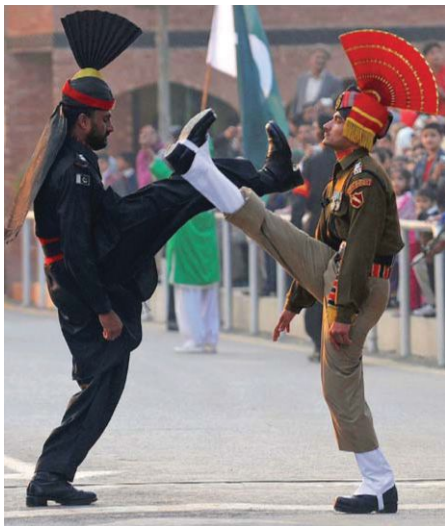
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Humour in Uniform



HIGH STEPPING

The India-Pakistan border (see white line) is quite tense, and we know that. After watching the high-kicking, gyrating Wagah ceremony, which marks the border's daily opening and closing, one visitor hoped "the soldiers will be just too tired to start another war."

Source: cracked.com

A NEW SOLDIER was on duty. His orders were clear: no car was to enter unless it had a special sticker. A big Army car came up with a general.

The sentry said, "Who goes there?"

The chauffeur, a corporal, says, "General Wheeler."

"I'm sorry, I can't let you through. You've got to have a sticker on the windshield."

The general said, "Drive on!"

The sentry said, "Hold it! You really can't come through. I have orders to shoot if you try."

The general repeated, "drive on."

The sentry walked up to the rear window and said, "General, I'm new at this. Do I shoot you or the driver?"

military-quotes.com

DURING THAT FIRST roll call in the Army, I waited in dread as the sergeant got to my name: DiFelician-tonio. There was bound to be trouble, and I was right, because suddenly, he fell silent—eyebrows arched, brain overloaded. After a long pause, he thundered, "The alphabet?!"

JOHN DIFELICIANTONIO



PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN RITTER. (ALEX) COURTESY OF ALEX SVERDLOV

Hiker Alex Sverdlov trusted his experience and fitness to keep him safe, until a surprise snowstorm stranded him on Mauna Loa

Lost on the Volcano

BY ALBERT SAMAHA
FROM THE VILLAGE VOICE
WITH ADDITIONS BY
THE AUTHOR

AT 7AM ALEX SVERDLOV PARKED his rented white Ford Focus near the trailhead on Mauna Loa. The January sky was bright blue, the sun mellow, and he felt grateful to be on the island of Hawaii instead of home in New York City, where the forecast predicted snow. He'd landed in Hawaii the previous day and immediately signed up with the National Park Service for a permit to hike and stay overnight in the Mauna Loa backcountry, starting today, Sunday, through Wednesday.



The hike to the summit of Mauna Loa, or “Long Mountain,” is about 40km. The biggest volcano on earth, it rises gradually from the sea to 4170 metres, but its flat terrain and gentle slopes can deceive. The climate at the top is fickle and the weather is unpredictable, but the forecast for the area called for mostly sunny days.

Sverdlov strapped on his backpack, which held his sleeping bag, food, extra-thick down jacket and other supplies, and walked towards the trail, pausing at a tall warning sign: “Freezing conditions may occur at any time of year... Beware of deep earthcracks, loose rocks, and thin lava crusts.”

But the 36-year-old hiker knew what to expect—he had climbed the volcano alone a year ago. The three-and-a-half-day hike was peaceful and not steep, but it was challenging enough that he decided to summit the volcano again. Strenuous adventures appealed to him.

The ground was rocky and dusty at the trailhead, more than 2000 metres above sea level. By early afternoon Sverdlov was 11km in, at nearly 3050 metres. The incline increased. At the top of the slope, the trail opened onto a reddish plain. At the base of a hill sat a wooden cabin with an orange roof, Red Hill Cabin, where he spent the night.

MONDAY. Sverdlov hit the trail around sunrise. The terrain changed often at this altitude: wavy, light brown dried lava, brick-red stone fields, charcoal-

grey volcanic rock. It was a landscape shaped by countless eruptions, the last of which had occurred in 1984. The trail curved around depressions and cracks in the ground more than three metres deep. Every 100 metres or so, rocks stacked into hip-high towers delineated the trail.

The trail veered away from the summit to Mauna Loa Summit cabin, where Sverdlov stopped for the night. Tomorrow he'd hike the eight kilometres to the summit, then trek directly down to Red Hill by nightfall. He'd be back Wednesday in time to meet friends for dinner. The trip was going perfectly.

TUESDAY. Clouds had rolled in overnight, dropping thick fog and, unexpectedly, a light speckle of snow. Sverdlov wasn't concerned; the walk to the summit had taken him only three hours last time. He pulled on sweatpants, a face mask that covered his mouth and nose, a skullcap, a wool undershirt, a fleece layer, and a wind-cheater.

Halfway to the summit, he stopped at Jaggar's Cave to stow his heavy backpack. For this final stretch, he'd need only a water bottle, two granola bars and his camera.

It started to drizzle, then less than a kilometre from the summit, the rain turned to snow. Sverdlov considered turning back, but the snow was light and the scene was beautiful.

When he reached the summit at about noon, a white curtain of fog



shrouded the vista. He'd planned to stay an hour, but he knew the snow would slow him down. A minute or two after he began his descent, it started snowing harder. The wind blasted the flakes into his face, partially blinding him.

Before long the snow was up to his shins. Should have brought snowshoes, Sverdlov chided himself. Just then, his hiking boot punched through a thin crust of dried lava beneath the snow and he tumbled onto his back. His right knee hurt, but he felt lucky: the fall should have broken his leg.

He marched on. Snow continued to fall and the wind gusts blew stronger. But his legs were strong and his confidence stronger. *What an adventure*, he thought. He stopped to take a drink only to find the water in his bottle had frozen. Despite his thirst, he knew better than to eat snow, which would lower his body temperature and hasten dehydration.

At dusk, Sverdlov passed a wooden sign that showed he'd descended over three kilometres from the summit:

less than a kilometre to Jaggar's Cave, then 16 more kilometres to Red Hill Cabin. But the world had turned grey. Snow and sky were indistinguishable. His phone was useless, so he turned it off. The trail markers were hard to make out as his surroundings faded into blackness.

Where was the trail marker? Sverdlov looked around, but it was nearly pitch black. For the first time, it occurred to him that he would not make it back to the cave tonight. He was exhausted. The thought of rest consumed his mind.

His watch said 9pm. He sat down, hugging his legs and tucking one fleece sleeve into the other to keep his hands from freezing. He coughed violently and it hurt to swallow.

In the thin air, less oxygen reached his brain. This, combined with the lack of water, made him dizzy, light-headed, his thoughts in a fog. With his body no longer in motion, his core temperature began to drop.

Sverdlov had never been in this much trouble on a hike, and he'd gone

on scores of them. Growing up the only child in a single-parent family, Sverdlov often went hiking in the mountains nearby. After graduating from Brooklyn College, he got a job there as a computer-science professor and consulted on the side. In his free time he went on a dozen long hikes a year. Hawaii was an annual destination. He'd conquered Mauna Kea in 2012, Mauna Loa the following January. And now here he was back for a rematch, and the mountain was killing him.

As the hours passed, he felt enveloped by warmth and comfort. He was no longer on the mountain. He was floating. It felt good. He dazed in and out of hallucinations. Then he snapped back to reality.

"I'm still here, damn it!" he shouted. At some point he fell asleep.

JOHN BROWARD, Hawai'i Volcanoes National Park's search-and-rescue coordinator, arrived at the Visitor Emergency Operations Center near Mauna Loa's southern base at about 8am Tuesday. He picked up an advisory from the National Weather Service. A storm was on the way that would hit the summit with a foot of snow, sub-zero temperatures, and wind gusts up to 80kmph. A check of the backcountry permits showed that Alex Sverdlov would be at or near the summit.

Broward had handled more than 150 searches in his career. To date, his team had found all but one hiker alive. Only once had a hiker gone missing in the

snow, though, and he was found safe.

When lost hikers are caught in a snowstorm, Broward thought, some curl up on the ground, some keep marching. Some hide in caves. The mountain encompassed nearly 5200 square km; if Sverdlov hunkered down in one of Mauna Loa's many caves, they might not find him for years. The body of the last person to die on Mauna Loa, a park employee about 20 years back, was never found.

Broward filed an affidavit with Sverdlov's phone-service provider. Even when a cellphone shows no bars, it emits a faint signal, and the company can triangulate its location. Of course, the phone must be switched on.

A search-and-rescue mission could begin only after a hiker was overdue. Sverdlov wouldn't be officially missing until his scheduled return Wednesday night. For now he was on his own.

WEDNESDAY. When Sverdlov awoke, he was relieved to have survived the night. It had been cold but not much below freezing. The storm had calmed enough for him to see a desert of white powder at least a foot or two deep, even deeper in the drifts.

His confidence returned. The trail couldn't be far. He was sure he would reach Red Hill today. If he made it early enough, he'd keep going and reach the bottom of the mountain in time to meet his friends for dinner.

Sverdlov came to a tower of stones cloaked in snow. Guessing the trail's

path, he soon passed another tower. Late in the morning, he spotted three trail markers clustered in the distance. His backpack!

He pulled the backpack out of the snow, set up the stove and scooped snow into the pot. He hadn't had a drink of water in nearly 24 hours, but the snow boiled down to less than a cup of water and cost much of his fuel.

“
**His pace slowed.
Cracks in the ground
tripped him,
snowdrifts
swallowed him to the
shoulders.**

After eating a trail-mix bar, he tugged out a down jacket and thick mittens, and strapped on the headlamp.

Now equipped for the cold and darkness, Sverdlov started for Red Hill Cabin shortly before noon. The snow was deeper than yesterday, almost knee high in some stretches. His pace slowed. Cracks in the ground tripped him, snowdrifts swallowed him to the shoulders. He focused his mind and energy on each step, methodical and cautious.

When night fell, the headlamp was not powerful enough to illuminate trail markers in the distance, but at least he could see more than shadows. Then

he saw three or four tents at the edge of the headlamp's beam. And people! Then he blinked and they disappeared and only snow lay ahead.

The night went on the same way. To his eyes, he was walking through a white-walled tunnel. When the hallucinations came, he felt as if his mind had split in two, one looking through the tunnel, one drifting into the abstract. Sometime past 11pm Sverdlov approached another trail marker. Coming closer, he noticed that it was not a tower of stones but a rock protruding from the ground. How many snow-covered rocks had he mistaken for markers?

As he retraced his footprints, he coughed. He'd been coughing at a steady rate for two days now. The thin air and nonstop marching had worn on his lungs. He hadn't had water since morning, and his mouth was dry and his throat aching. His face burned. He was very tired.

Around midnight, unable to find the trail, he unrolled his sleeping bag, slid inside, and zipped it. He turned on his phone to check the signal. Nothing. He turned it off.

Two days of struggle, and Sverdlov was just about four and a half kilometres from the summit. Nearly 15km more to Red Hill. Perhaps this situation was beyond him, he thought. He had trusted that his experience would get him through, but he still was far from the cabin. He had made it this far without a serious injury, but it

was only a matter of time before the elements defeated him.

AFTER THE SNOW stopped falling on Wednesday, John Broward sent a ranger up the Mauna Loa trail. Another left a note on Sverdlov's car. If Sverdlov didn't turn up by nightfall, the search would begin. Broward gathered his half-dozen staff in the dispatch centre and laid out the plan for the next day:

**“
Around midnight,
unable to find
the trail, he unrolled
his sleeping bag,
slid inside, and
zipped it.”**

rangers would fan out from the trail-head and work up the mountain; Broward would search from a helicopter.

THURSDAY. Unlike on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sverdlov didn't awaken with the confidence that he'd reach Red Hill Cabin on this day. His legs were sore, his head hurting, his whole body exhausted.

He found the trail shortly after sunrise. He trudged forward more slowly than before. The sky was clear, the wind had calmed and he could see snow-capped volcanoes in the distance. By now he was almost used to

falling through snowdrifts. Sometimes the snow was hard and supported his weight, sometimes it held for a second before giving way.

He felt the powder and crumbled it through his fingers. Scooping up a handful, patted it into a melon-size ball and gently placed it on the ground. He sculpted two more balls, plunked them on top, and took a few moments to stare at his snowman before continuing on.

IT WAS THE THRILL of the rescue that had drawn Broward to the job when he was at Florida State University in the early 1980s: the idea of spending days enjoying nature's beauty and protecting people from its cruelty—jumping out of helicopters, fighting fires, rappelling down ravines.

But Broward felt no thrill on Thursday morning, just nerves. The helicopter lifted off at 8:30. He looked out the window to the right. The pilot, a private contractor who'd flown more than 70 rescue missions with him in Hawaii, looked out the left side and ahead. The helicopter hovered above the trail. An experienced hiker might locate the snow-covered path, Broward thought. The helicopter soared past the volcano's 3350-metre marker.

It moved slowly enough for the two men to scan for clues: footprints, an object, or movement. To Broward, the snow was now a blessing. The uninterrupted white landscape that made it easy for a hiker to get lost also made

a lost hiker easier to spot. The farther up the mountain they flew, the more barren and uniformly white it got.

Past 3650 metres. Still nothing. Not a glove or a hat or a hiking pole. This was a massive mountain—plenty of space for a lost hiker to wander into. Broward saw nothing but unbroken snow.

“He’s right there!” the pilot said suddenly.

“Where? I don’t see him.”

“Right in front of us. Twelve o’clock.”

Catching sight of Sverdlov, Broward felt the tension leave his body for the first time in two days.

SVERDLOV HEARD a faint buzzing noise before he spotted a grey speck

moving across the sky. A helicopter! He waved his arms, as if the people in the helicopter might not see him. Then he realized: *They’re here for me!* The chopper landed and a man in a green jacket and white helmet hopped out. They met halfway.

“Are you search and rescue?” Sverdlov asked.

“Yes.”

Alex Sverdlov hugged him. Aboard the helicopter, sitting in the back row, he noticed the red letters on the back of his rescuer’s helmet: “BROWARD.” It was then Sverdlov realized that he had just experienced the happiest moment of his life. **R**

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ADD ONE WORD, CHANGE A WHOLE MOVIE

The Awkward Silence of the Lambs

Men In Black Lingerie

The Lord of the Onion Rings

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Kidney Stone

Iron Deficiency Man

Pillow Fight Club


The Tax Return of the Jedi

The Italian Job Centre

The Magnificent Seven Eleven

When Harry Met Aunt Sally

As seen on the internet



This medical emergency can happen
to anyone, anytime. Pat Brian just
happened to be on the phone

A FEW SLURRED WORDS

BY HELEN SIGNY

I **T WAS JUST** before teatime on a Friday afternoon and Pat Brian's mouth was so dry he could barely talk. The retired marketing manager had been trying to wrangle a better deal out of different phone service providers. He'd already left his desk once to get a drink, but

the dryness just wouldn't go away.

"What are you doing?" asked his wife, Jan, who was watching television in their Surrey, UK, home as Pat came downstairs to look for his glasses. She was used to him spending hours in his small home office overlooking the garden. The 76-year-old had an avid love of sporting statistics and would

GETTY IMAGES



spend hours scanning the web for more facts and figures.

“Just one more call,” he said as he grabbed his spectacles and headed back upstairs. It was around 4.30pm.

More than 400km north, 32-year-old Jennifer Tibbett took the call in Virgin Media’s Teesside call centre. A law graduate who had switched from nursing when she found she was getting too personally involved with the patients, she’d fallen into this job three years ago. It turned out she loved every minute of it: the connections she’d form with the callers, the challenge of trying to solve their problems and the variety of people she’d en-

counter through her headset every day.

As Pat energetically held forth about getting a better deal, Jennifer assumed she was talking to someone in his 40s. He laughed when she asked what other providers were offering. “Why don’t you tell me what deal *you* have for *me*?” he said. She giggled.

“Well, first tell me how you use your telephone number,” Jennifer said, looking

to open up the conversation so that Pat would give her more information so she could help him find the best plan. At that point something changed, very suddenly. Pat's jovial banter ended abruptly and he started to stammer uncontrollably. *Oh no, have I put him on the spot?* she thought.

"I'm s-s-sorry," was all that Pat was able to stutter. His mouth was so dry now he just couldn't get the words out.

Jennifer waited patiently but as the empty seconds ticked past a knot of anxiety started to grow in her stomach. She'd spoken to plenty of clients with stutters, but never one who had been talking so lucidly before. She glanced at Pat's details on the screen. She saw he was much older than he sounded. *Was he having a heart attack or something?*

"Do you need me to get you some help?" asked Jennifer, but the only response was some rustling and the sound of his strained breathing.

"Are you OK? Hello? Can you hear me?" Still no answer.

Now really worried, Jennifer put the line on hold and called her manager over. "I'm going to get someone to go and check on him," she said.

The telco's standard protocol if an operator believes a caller needs

help is to alert a designated police contact. Jennifer tried the number but nobody picked up her call. She went back to Pat. "Are you there, sir?" Silence.

Jennifer had never hung up on a customer and she wasn't about to now. *What if this had been her own grandfather?* she thought. She needed to know he was OK.

On the screen, along with records of Pat's recent calls, was another number that looked similar to his. It had been used once as a contact number for the Brians when their phone had been out of order. It was a stab in the dark, but Jennifer opened a separate

line and keyed in the number, wondering how she was going to approach the call.

A woman answered. "Hello?"

Jennifer took a deep breath and introduced herself as an operator at the telco's call centre. "I'm wondering if you know a Mr Brian? I know this sounds strange, but I've just been on the phone to him and he

was talking to me fine and all of a sudden he started stammering. Now there is no response and I'm quite concerned for his safety. Could you go and check on him?"

Kerry Harrison had been the Brians' neighbour for 15 years. She knew Pat

***As the empty
seconds ticked
past, a knot of
anxiety grew in
Jennifer's
stomach. Was
Pat having a
heart attack?***

well—always the orator, he would never be stammering on the phone.

“I’m going now.”

Knowing Kerry was on the way and the line might be needed to call for help, Jennifer told her manager, “I’m going to disconnect the call.”

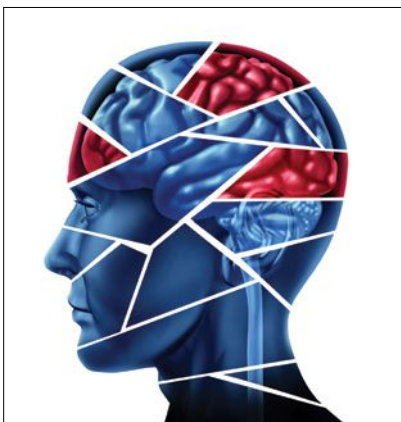
Pat’s wife Jan saw Kerry running past the window and was at the door before her neighbour had time to knock.

They both rushed straight upstairs to the computer room to find Pat slumped over to his right, the phone still in his hand. He was conscious but his speech was slurred. “I’m orright,” he said. “Jussst... thirrsty.”

Confused and unable to talk properly, Pat started to lapse in and out of consciousness. Dimly, he realized he couldn’t move his left hand or leg.

Kerry called the ambulance. It sounded as if he’d had a stroke, the operator said. Was he hot and clammy? Did he have a headache? Kerry relayed the answers while Jan looked after her husband. Jan felt weirdly detached. Her father and her brother-in-law had both had strokes, but there was no point in worrying now. They just had to get him to hospital.

When the ambulance arrived, Pat joked with the paramedics as they examined him and then struggled to carry him downstairs. He was still joking as they inserted a cannula and strapped him in for the eight-km journey to St Peter’s Hospital, a specialist stroke centre. Despite the jovial mood, they put the siren on.



TAKE ACTION

Time is critical when treating a stroke, says Dr Erin Lalor, a stroke expert.

When the brain’s blood supply is interrupted, either by a clot or by a bleed from a burst artery, the brain is robbed of food and oxygen and starts to die. A chain reaction spreads the damage to more parts of the brain, Lalor says.

“When a stroke is caused by a clot, there are treatments that might help restore the blood supply to the brain, but they need to be given within four-and-a-half hours.”

A stroke can cause as much injury to the brain as a car crash, she says, but people don’t treat it with the same urgency.

“Stroke is a medical emergency, don’t wait and see. Time lost is brain lost.”

SIGNS OF A STROKE

Remember “FAST”

F – Face – Has the person’s mouth drooped?

A – Arms – Can they lift both arms?

S – Speech – Is their speech slurred? Do they understand you?

T – Time – Remember, time is critical. Call emergency services if you see any of these.

In the emergency department, the medical team quickly assessed that Pat had no feeling in his left hand and no movement in his left leg. As all symptoms pointed to a stroke, they administered blood-thinning drugs to prevent further damage to his brain.

Thank goodness we found him when we did, thought Jan. Without the neighbour getting a call from the telco, she would have had no reason to disturb Pat for at least another hour.

So many precious minutes could have been lost.

Back in Teesside, as Jennifer’s shift was drawing to a close at 8.15pm, she couldn’t stop thinking about the strange call she’d dealt with that afternoon. She’d dropped out of nursing because she always took her work home with her—and now that same old feeling was building up inside. She called Kerry’s number.

“I’m so sorry if I caused such a mountain out of a molehill,” she said.

“Stop right there,” said Kerry.

“Is he all right?” asked Jennifer, her eyes welling with tears.

Today, Pat has recovered much of his movement and strength and is well on the road to recovery. And at the other end of the country, Jennifer is still trying to sort out customers’ problems—but hopes she never has to encounter a call like that again.

“I just didn’t want to put the phone down and move onto my next customer,” she says.

Pat is grateful she is that way.

R



NO-BELL LAUREATE

The 2013 Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to the Organization for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons (OPCW). At the time the OPCW was overseeing the destruction of weapons in Syria and it appeared no one from the organization could be reached by phone, which led to one of the most memorable uses of Twitter: “@OPCW Please contact us @Nobelprize_org we are trying get through to your office.”

Shocking Notes

FROM ALL OVER

NOT ACCORDING TO PLAN

SLIP SLOPS

■ Wrong girl! In 2010, the Commonwealth Games chief Suresh Kalmadi thanked “Prince Charles and Princess Diana” for attending the opening ceremony of the Delhi games—despite the princess being dead for 13 years. Charles had come with Camilla, his current wife.

■ Habits die hard? In September 2014, Doordarshan showed a visual of former Prime Minister Manmohan Singh during a segment on Prime Minister Modi’s US trip.

■ Can’t forget history? A Doordarshan anchor recently introduced the governor of Goa as “governor of India.” India hasn’t had a governor-general since 1950.

■ Nine..ten... Last year, another Doordarshan newsreader misread the name of the Chinese President Xi Jinping, calling him “eleven Jinping.” Reports say she was sacked.

DOWNING DIAMONDS

While raising funds for a children’s charity in April 2013, the Tampa Woman’s Club sold 400 flutes of



champagne—one holding a winning \$5000 diamond.

When the precious gem failed to turn up, attendee Miriam Tucker confessed—she’d accidentally swallowed it. On the plus side, she had a colonoscopy scheduled for two days later. The stone was recovered unharmed. Tucker has had it set into a necklace.

FIRE STARTER

After her property was toilet-papered by vandals last January, Cheryl Crauswell in Alabama, USA, needed a way to remove the out-of-reach paper in her magnolia tree. Her solution? Burning them away with a long-stemmed barbecue lighter. Unfortunately, the mix of wind and dry weather turned strategy into a tragedy, and she was left to watch her house burn down after the flames spread from the tissues to the grass to the back deck. Crauswell’s family escaped from the blaze unharmed, and a solid insurance policy means her home will soon be rebuilt.



Professor Jim Tucker thinks that past lives are possible. Here are three startling accounts

The Children *Who've* Lived *Before?*

BY STACY HORN

W

HEN I WAS YOUR AGE, I changed your diaper," said the dark-haired boy to his father. Ron* looked down at his smiling son, who had not yet turned two. He thought it was a very strange thing to say, but he figured he had misheard him.

**Names of boys and their family members were changed to protect privacy.*

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY GREGORY REID



But as baby Sam made similar remarks over the next few months, Ron and his wife, Cathy, gradually pieced together an odd story: Sam believed that he was his deceased grandfather, Ron's late father, who had returned to his family. More intrigued than alarmed, Ron and Cathy asked Sam, "How did you come back?"

"I just went whoosh and came out the portal," he responded.

Although Sam was a precocious child—he'd been speaking in full sentences from the age of 18 months—his parents were stunned to hear him use a word like *portal*, and they encouraged him to say more. They asked Sam if he'd had any siblings, and he replied that he'd had a sister who "turned into a fish."

"Who turned her into a fish?"

"Some bad guys. She died."

Eerily enough, Sam's grandfather had a sister who had been murdered 60 years earlier; her body was found floating in San Francisco Bay. Ron and Cathy then gently asked Sam, "Do you know how you died?"

Sam jerked back and slapped the top of his head as if in pain. One year before Sam was born, his grandfather had died of a cerebral hemorrhage.

IS REINCARNATION REAL?

Today millions of people—across all religions believe in reincarnation. In October, the *Dr Oz Show* covered the "reality of reincarnation," and

two reality-TV series on the topic are currently airing in the US (*Ghost Inside My Child*, about children with past-life memories, and *Reincarnated: Past Lives*, in which people go under hypnosis to discover their earlier existences).

Why this fascination? Part of reincarnation's appeal has to do with its hopeful underlying promise: that we can do better in our next lives. "With reincarnation, there is always another opportunity," explains Stafford Betty, a professor of religious studies at California State University, Bakersfield, and the author of *The Afterlife Unveiled*. "The universe takes on a merciful hue. It's a great improvement over the [Christian] doctrine of eternal hell."

Yet despite the popular interest, few scientists give reincarnation much credence. They regard it as a field filled with charlatans, scams, and tall tales of having once been royalty.

Reincarnation is "an intriguing psychological phenomenon," says Christopher C. French, a professor of psychology at Goldsmiths, University of London, who heads a unit that studies claims of paranormal experiences. "But I think it is far more likely that such apparent memories are, in fact, false memories rather than accurate memories of events that were experienced in a past life."

For more than 45 years, a team at the Division of Perceptual Studies at the University of Virginia (UVA) has

been collecting stories of people who can “recall” their past lives. And if the professors determine that there is some merit to these memories, their findings will call into question the idea that our humanity ends with our death.

“MOMMY, I’M SO HOMESICK”

Among the UVA case studies is the story of an Oklahoma boy named Ryan. A few years ago, the four-year-old woke up screaming at two in the morning. Over the preceding months, he’d been pleading with his bewildered mother, Cyndi, to take him to the house where he’d “lived before.” In tears, he’d beg her to return him to his glittering life in Hollywood—complete with a big house, a pool, and fast cars—that was so fabulous, he once said, “I can’t live in these conditions. My last home was much better.”

When Cyndi went into her son’s room that night, Ryan kept repeating the same words—“Mommy, I’m so homesick”—as she tried to comfort him and rock him to sleep.

“He was like a little old man who couldn’t remember all the details of his life. He was so frustrated and sad,” Cyndi says.

The next morning, she went to the library, borrowed a pile of books

about old Hollywood, and brought them home. With Ryan in her lap, Cyndi went through the volumes; she was hoping the pictures might soothe him. Instead, he became more and more excited as they looked at one particular book. When they came to a still of a scene from a 1932 movie called *Night After Night*,

he stopped her.

“Mama,” he shouted, pointing to one of the actors, who wasn’t identified. “That guy’s me! The old me!”

“I was shocked,” Cyndi admits. “I never thought that we’d find the person he thought he was.” But she was equally relieved. “Ryan had talked about his other life and been so

unhappy, and now we had something to go on.”

Although neither Cyndi nor her husband believed in reincarnation, she went back to the library the next day and checked out a book about children who possessed memories of their past lives. At the end of it was a note from the author, professor Jim Tucker, MD, saying that he wanted to hear from the parents of kids with similar stories. Cyndi sat down to write him a letter.

THE GHOST HUNTERS

Dr Tucker was a child psychiatrist in private practice when he heard



about the reincarnation research being conducted by Ian Stevenson, MD, founder and director of the Division of Perceptual Studies at UVA. He was intrigued and began working with the division in 1996; six years later, when Dr Stevenson retired, Dr Tucker took over as the leader of the division's past-life research. The UVA team has

gathered more than 2500 documented cases of children from all over the world who have detailed memories of former lives, including that of a California toddler with a surprisingly good golf swing who said he had once been legendary athlete Bobby Jones; a midwestern five-year-old who shared some of the same memories and

physical traits—blindness in his left eye, a mark on his neck, a limp—as a long-deceased brother; and a girl in India who woke up one day and began speaking fluently in a dialect she'd never heard before. (Dr Tucker describes these cases in his book *Return to Life: Extraordinary Cases of Children Who Remember Their Past Lives*.)

The children in the UVA collection typically began talking about their previous lives when they were two or three years old and stopped by the age of six or seven. "That is around the same time that we all lose

our memories of early childhood," Dr Tucker says. When he first learns about a subject, he checks for fraud, deliberate or unconscious, by asking two questions: "Do the parents seem credible?" and "Could the child have picked up the memories through TV, overheard conversations, or other ordinary means?" If he can rule out

fraud, he and his team interview the child and his or her family to get a detailed account about the previous life. Then the researchers try to find a deceased person whose life matches the memories. This last part is essential because otherwise the child's story would be just a fantasy.

Close to three quarters of the cases investigated by the team are "solved,"

meaning that a person from the past matching the child's memories is identified. In addition, nearly 20 percent of the kids in the UVA cases have naturally occurring marks or impairments that match scars and injuries on the past person. One boy who recalled being shot possessed two birthmarks—a large, ragged one over his left eye and a small, round one on the back of his head—which lined up like a bullet's entrance and exit wounds.

In the case of Ryan, the boy longed for a Hollywood past, an archivist pored over books in a film library until

“
JAMES KNEW
DETAILS
ABOUT WWII
AIRCRAFT
THAT WOULD
SEEM
IMPOSSIBLE
FOR A
TODDLER
TO KNOW.”

she found a person who appeared to be the man he'd singled out: Hollywood agent Marty Martyn, who made an unbilled cameo in *Night After Night*. After Cyndi spoke with Dr Tucker, he interviewed Ryan, and then the family contacted Martyn's daughter. She met with Dr Tucker, Ryan, and Cyndi, and along with public records, she confirmed more than 50 details that Ryan had reported about her father's life, from his work history to the location and contents of his home. Cyndi felt tremendous relief when she was told that her son's story matched Martyn's. She says, "He wasn't crazy! There really was another family."

PLANE ON FIRE!

Dr Tucker learnt about the best-known recent reincarnation case study from TV producers. In 2002, he was contacted to work for and appear on a show about reincarnation (the program never aired) and was told about James Leininger, a four-year-old Louisiana boy who believed that he was once a World War II pilot who had been shot down over Iwo Jima, a Japanese island 1200km south of Tokyo.

Bruce and Andrea Leininger first realized that James had these memories when he was two and woke up from a nightmare, yelling, "Airplane crash! Plane on fire! Little man can't get out!" He also knew details about World War II aircraft that it would seem impossible for a toddler to know. For instance, when Andrea referred to an

object on the bottom of a toy plane as a bomb, James corrected her by saying it was a drop tank. Another time, he and his parents were watching a History Channel documentary, and the narrator called a Japanese plane a Zero. James insisted that it was a Tony. In both cases, he was right.

The boy said that he had also been named James in his previous life and that he'd flown off a ship named the *Natoma*. The Leiningers discovered a WWII aircraft carrier called the USS *Natoma Bay*. In its squadron was a pilot named James Huston, who had been killed in action over the Pacific.

James talked incessantly about his plane crashing, and he was disturbed by nightmares a few times a week. His desperate mother contacted past-life therapist Carol Bowman for help. Bowman told Andrea not to dismiss what James was saying and to assure him that whatever happened had occurred in another life and body and he was safe now. Andrea followed her advice, and James's dreams diminished. (His parents co-authored *Soul Survivor*, a 2009 book about their family's story.)

Professor French, who is familiar with Dr Tucker's work, says "the main problem with [his] investigating is that the research typically begins long after the child has been accepted as a genuine reincarnation by his or her family and friends." About James Leininger, French says, "Although his parents insisted they never watched World War II documentaries or talked about

military history, we do know that at 18 months of age, James was taken to a flight museum, where he was fascinated by the World War II planes. In all probability, the additional details were unintentionally implanted by his parents and by a counsellor who was a firm believer in reincarnation."

Dr Tucker says that he has additional documentation for many of James Leininger's statements, and they were made before anyone in the family had heard of James Huston or the USS *Natoma Bay*. French responds that "children's utterances are often ambiguous and open to interpretation. For example, perhaps James said something that just sounded a bit like *Natoma*?"


Bruce Leininger, James's father, understands French's disbelief. "I was the original skeptic," he says. "But the information James gave us was so striking and unusual. If someone wants to look at the facts and challenge them, they're welcome to examine everything we have." Bruce laughs at the idea that he and his wife planted the memories, saying, "You try telling a two-year-old what to be-

lieve; you're not going to be able to give them a script."

LONG LIVE HOPE

Dr Tucker, too, knows that for most scientists, reincarnation will always seem like a fantastical notion regardless of how much evidence is presented. For him, success doesn't mean persuading the naysayers to accept the existence of reincarnation but rather encouraging people to consider the meaning of consciousness and how it might survive our deaths.

"I believe in the possibility of reincarnation, which is different from saying that I believe in reincarnation," he explains. "I do think these cases require an explanation that is out of the ordinary, although that certainly doesn't mean we all reincarnate."

Does Dr Tucker believe that in the future, there will be a child who is able to recall Dr Tucker's own memories? "Memories of past lives are not very common, so I don't expect that," he says. "But I do hope there's some continuation after death for me and for all of us." 



ANIMAL CRACKERS

A hen is only an egg's way of making another egg. **SAMUEL BUTLER**

I am fond of pigs. Dogs look up to us. Cats look down on us.

Pigs treat us as equals.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

You know why fish are so thin? They eat fish.

JERRY SEINFELD

As Kids See It



DURING A RECENT family holiday in Ladakh, my wife felt sick and we rushed to an Army outpost, where the good soldiers helped her out and served us hot noodles.

That's when Shambhavi, my little granddaughter, asked: "Did we come all the way here to eat Maggi?"

KESHARI SINGH, *Chhatain Kalan, UP*

WHILE DEALING WITH a vandalism report at an elementary school, I was interrupted by a first-standard student. Eyeing my uniform, she asked, "Are you a cop?"

"Yes," I answered.

"My mother says that if I ever need help, I should ask the police."

"That's right," I told her.

"Well, then," she said, extending her foot to me, "would you please tie my shoelace?"

AFTER A sewing needle I'd stepped on became lodged in my heel, I took my two sons, eight-year-old Dan and four-year-old Ben, to the hospital with me. Several hours into waiting for a surgical consultation, a kind nurse took pity on the boys and offered to take them to the cafeteria. She asked if there was anything they couldn't eat. I told her no, but as they walked away, I heard Dan whisper, "Actually, we are not allowed to eat vegetables."

SUSAN DOBBS

Through Europe, by Boat

Come on a river cruise through the heart of the Continent, where history is just a gangplank away

BY WILLIAM ECENBARGER



With Idi docked at Passau, Germany, passengers are starting to tour the old city.

IDI, THE VIKING RIVER CRUISES CRAFT, glides in the near-dawn, pulling its wake upstream. Suddenly, the Danube catches fire from the rising sun and the landscape takes on colour, dimension and shape. On my right are stone-terraced vineyards dating back to the ninth century. On my left, there is the swish and buzz of traffic on the highway to Vienna.

Prodded by the fear that I might miss something, I had risen well before dawn and found my way, with binoculars and a steaming cup of coffee from the ship's restaurant, to a deck chair at the bow. Unlike an ocean cruise, there's nearly always something to see on a river, and getting to our destinations is at least half the fun. From the deck of the *Idi*, there is a constantly changing view—a kaleidoscope of castles, fortresses, monasteries, local people and passing river traffic. Four of my fellow passengers are already here, and we exchange perfunctory greetings, our voices still furred with sleepiness.

Johann Strauss notwithstanding, the Danube is not blue—but rather, a dull grey-green—but this chromatic error takes none of the romance and majesty away as it winds through spectacular reminders of ancient, medieval and modern history.

We are now some 350 kilometres west of Budapest, where the cruise began three days ago. We have travelled to Austria from Slovakia, and have just entered the Wachau Valley, a 32-kilometre stretch of the Danube that is so historic and well preserved that in 2000 UNESCO declared it a World Heritage Site.

I'm on tiptoe with excitement because last night we had been briefed by the boat's program director that this morning we would pass Kuenringerburg Castle, whose claim to fame is that Richard the Lionheart, King of England, was held captive here for three months in 1192 and 1193 while on his way home from the Third Crusade. "He was there until his mother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, paid a ransom so he could go back to England," said Jochgum Schuijt, our on-board Dutch program director, whom everyone calls Joey.

Now, as we approach the Austrian town of Dürnstein, I focus on the ruins of the castle, which is clinging to a rocky outcrop like a climber who has lost his nerve. In the morning light, the collapsed stones seem to be blending in with the cliff itself, but the outline of the castle tower is clear in the blue sky.

I set down my binoculars and see that about 30 metres off the starboard deck, a few of Dürnstein's 950 citizens are breakfasting at outdoor tables, and they wave and smile at us. It reminds me that it's time for my own breakfast, and I descend one deck to the restaurant.

The Viking *Idi* is not a beautiful

ship, but rather an elegant barge-like craft built specifically for river travel—low enough to get under the bridges, narrow enough to fit in the locks, and long enough (about 135 metres) to accommodate some 200 passengers and 50 crew members. There are three decks of staterooms, most of them with floor to ceiling windows, the restaurant, a small library and an indoor observation lounge. The top deck is open with a shaded seating area and walking track.

Choosing my favourite breakfast—smoked salmon, French bread, fresh fruit—I reflect that this is my fifth river journey (previous voyages were on the Yangtze, the Nile, the Amazon, and Myanmar's Irrawaddy). I have learnt that the biggest difference between an ocean cruise and a river cruise is that the former takes you to countries, while the latter takes you through countries, making river travel a more intimate and immersing experience.

Moreover, history and rivers go hand in hand. Civilizations developed along their rivers, and until, in Europe, by the late 1800s they were the highways of the Continent. For today's traveller, this means that history is only a gangplank away.

After breakfast we dock at Melk where we are met, as we are at all

our stops, by a local guide. After a 20-minute walk I am face to face with an imposing gold and white Benedictine abbey that sits high above the town with a commanding view of the river. The current building was completed in 1736, but there's been an abbey here since 1089. I walk up an imperial staircase in the footsteps of Holy Roman Empress Maria Theresa, who stopped here in 1743 on her way from Prague to Vienna.

Outside we walk past three monks who are shepherding an orderly group of what appear to be ten-year-olds. "This is still an active monastery," says

Anna, our guide. "Thirty monks belong here, and they operate a school for about 900 children." Anna, like all the local Viking guides, speaks to all 20 or so of us through wireless audio headsets that not only make all her words very clear, but enable us to pause, even wander off a bit, without

losing any information. Technology in the service of history.

As the *Idi* crosses from Austria into Germany, an eagle flies across our bow, and the pretty Bavarian town of Passau comes into view, its steeples knifing into the sky, pointing the way to heaven. As we dock, we are serenaded by church bells, and within the hour we are on the cobblestoned streets.

Elegantly situated at the confluence

“
***Like many towns
and villages on the
Danube, Passau
floods regularly
and is known as
the “Venice of
Bavaria.”***”

of three rivers—the Danube, the Inn and the Ilz—Passau now has about 50,000 residents. But it was once an important salt-trading centre, with a history spanning back to the Celts and the Romans. Today it's best known for its cathedral, which houses Europe's largest organ. We stand near the altar, which is ablaze in candle-glow, and crane our necks to see a few of the 17,974 organ pipes.

Passau, like many cities and towns on the Danube, floods regularly and locals call it "the Venice of Bavaria." Our guide, Daniel, tells us "you can't get insurance because flooding is not a risk, it's a reality." Many buildings near the river have *hochwassermarks*—high water marks giving the years of past floods. Here the highest mark reads "1501," and the next highest, "2013."

The city is dominated by Veste Oberhaus, a fortress founded in 1219 that is currently the site of a restaurant and museum. I set out climbing on a paved walkway, and when I reach the top a half-hour later my face is sheened with sweat. I order a pint of lager that is crisp and refreshing and enjoy the birds-eye view of the old town. It's not surprising that when Napoleon came, saw and conquered Passau in 1809, he pronounced it Germany's most beautiful city.

But today its streets are a cluttered turmoil of cars, trucks, buses and taxis, and I realize that river cruising is a great alternative to driving in



most of Europe, where old cities are difficult to navigate and parking can be challenging.

From Passau we cruise through the Bavarian Forest, a remnant of the Hercynian Forest, which covered the same area in Roman times. The late evening sun strobes through the trees, a green phalanx broken only by lichen-encrusted boulders shoved into place eons ago by a passing glacier. The sun falls and jerks the world into dusk.

At dinner Joey tells us that there's a stretch of the Danube ahead that is too low for passage—a possibility that had been raised in our pre-cruise literature. The predicament is easily remedied because at any given time there are dozens of identical Viking River Cruises' ships moving up and down the Danube. We simply pack our



Set on a rocky ledge high above the Danube, are the impressive ruins of Aggstein Castle near Melk. Its foundations date to the 12th century.

luggage and the next morning we are taken by bus beyond the too-shallow section to another barge, the Viking *Kvasir*, whose passengers in turn are taken to the *Idi*. Both ships, identical in every detail even to our cabin numbers are turned around and before long we are on our way westward. In exchange for the minor inconvenience of re-packing, we got a scenic ride through the German countryside.

After lunch I'm back in a deck chair at the bow just as the *Kvasir* enters one of the 67 locks we will encounter on the full journey. The back gate closes, water

is pumped in for ten minutes, the boat rises perhaps six metres, and finally the front gate opens and we sail out at the new elevation. A hundred years ago riverboats often had to rely on pilots to guide them through the Danube's rapids and whirlpools, but these were tamed by the lock system.

An hour later, I am walking across a twelfth century stone bridge that was used by the Crusaders on their way to Jerusalem nine hundred years ago, and enter the cobbled streets of Regensburg. The old town, another UNESCO site, is an architectural collision of Roman, Romanesque and Gothic styles—patrician houses with stucco walls and decorative windows, medieval towers, a twin-towered gothic cathedral, monasteries, and abbeys.

Amid all the antiquity is a lively modern market with vendors shouting out the ripeness of their fruits and vegetables, which are stacked like giant jewels. The city has a population of about 150,000 and its principal employer is BMW, which has a major auto production plant just outside the city. But tourism is also a big industry, and we stand next to an intact Roman wall that was part of a fortress built some two thousand years ago.

"Regensburg is the best preserved medieval town in all of Germany because it suffered only minor damage during World War II," Josef, our guide, tells us. "It has the largest collection of medieval buildings—more



Nuremberg, the centre of the rise and the fall of Nazi Germany, is now beautifully restored and has one of the most impressive Holocaust museum in the world.

than 1000 in the tiny old section.”

I’m back on board late afternoon as we leave the Danube and enter the Rhine-Main-Danube Canal, just over 100km north of Munich. The canal opened in 1992 to link the Danube and the Rhine, but it was first envisioned by Charlemagne in 793, when he ordered the construction of a canal to allow his battle fleet to pass through the centre of Europe.

The next morning we arrive in the city of Nuremberg, Germany’s thirteenth largest, and are immersed in far more recent history. I stand on Zeppelin Field, the enormous parade ground that was the site of massive

Nazi rallies led by Hitler in the 1930s. I can almost hear the heavy tread of authoritarian boots. But today couples stroll hand in hand, and placards announce an open-air concert by the Nuremberg Symphony Orchestra.

Most of the old city was destroyed by Allied bombing in World War II, but it has been painstakingly restored and today boasts excellent museums, markets, churches, fountains, and galleries.

Yet looming over everything is a huge red brick shell that was to be a 50,000-seat auditorium to house meetings of the congress of the



Nazi Party. Work on the unroofed, unfinished building was largely abandoned in 1939 at the beginning of World War II, but part of it has been made into an excellent museum, called the Documentation Center, which traces the rise and fall of National Socialism.

I enter the museum amid a blue sea of denim and backpacks that is one of the many field trips of German school children who come here to learn firsthand about the darkest chapter in their nation's history. At first they seem carefree, smuggling giggles to each other, but they are quickly sobered as they are taken step by step—using archival film footage, photographs and computer simulations—through

the rise of Nazism, the brutal war, the Holocaust and the trials and executions of top party officials for crimes against humanity. The students exit hushed, stoop-shouldered in sadness. A boy knuckles tears away. Another stares intently at the tops of his Reeboks. Two girls hold hands, sniffing and mumbling to each other, their lips tight like a ventriloquist's.

"There are huge numbers of school visits to this museum every year, and nearly every German student comes here before they finish high school," says Sabine, our guide. "One of their most common reactions is the realization that nearly everyone in Germany allowed this to happen. They relate this to their grandparents and great-grandparents, who seem to them like normal people."

At dinner that night, it seems that table conversation is a little more subdued and waiters are pouring more wine than usual. But at the evening briefing our attention is turned to our next stop, the city of Würzburg, whose history dates back to 1000 BC, and served as the home of powerful prince-bishops for many centuries. "It is renowned for one of the finest baroque palaces in Europe," Joey tells us, and is another UNESCO site.

With six days left in the 1400-km journey that will end in Amsterdam, the voice of the past called out, as always, insistent and undeniable. **R**

World of Medicine

BY KELSEY KLOSS

Kidney Stones Forecast Bone Injuries

People with kidney or urinary tract stones are more likely to fracture a bone. After British researchers studied nearly 52,000 people diagnosed with stones and more than 517,000 who were not, they found that after five years, men with stones had a 10 percent greater risk of bone fractures; women had up to a 52 percent higher risk. People with stones leach calcium into their urine, which may cause skeletal calcium loss as well.

How Stress Breaks Women's Hearts

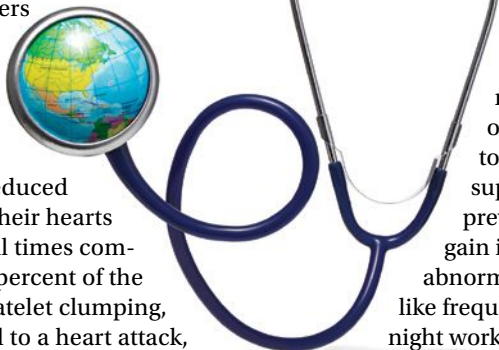
In a recent Duke University study in the US, men and women with heart disease performed stressful tasks while researchers studied their heart functions. Fifty-seven percent of the women experienced reduced blood flow to their hearts during stressful times compared with 41 percent of the men. Blood platelet clumping, which can lead to a heart attack,

was also more prevalent in stressed women than in stressed men—a finding researchers say could help tailor blood-thinning treatment for more effective use in women.

Why Jet Lag Can Make You Gain Weight

Your gut bacteria are sensitive to time—and this could affect your weight. When Israeli researchers studied the feces of both humans and mice, they found that when people had jet lag, the composition of their gut microbes shifted, favouring bacteria strains linked to obesity. A similar shift was found in mice

exposed to alternating light-dark schedules. Experts believe this means they may one day be able to use probiotic supplements to prevent weight gain in those with abnormal schedules, like frequent fliers and night workers.



The Sodium Bomb in Lunch

You may want to reconsider your daily midday meal selection. Sandwiches contribute about 30 percent of the recommended daily sodium limit of 2300 milligrams, according to a recent study in the *Journal of the Academy of Nutrition and Dietetics*. For those aged 50 and older, they contribute nearly 50 percent. In the study, sandwich eaters also consumed an average of 300 more calories and 600 more milligrams of sodium than those who munched on other fare.

The Hidden Risk of Midlife Migraines

In a study recently published in the journal *Neurology*, researchers analyzed data that originally tracked 5620 adults for 25 years, beginning in 1967. Participants were interviewed about migraines in middle age, then were asked about Parkinson's disease symptoms later in life. The researchers found that patients who had migraines with aura (seeing zigzags or lights before a migraine) were more than twice as likely to be diagnosed with Parkinson's disease or have Parkinson's-like symptoms as people without migraines.

Surgery "Prehab" More Effective than Rehab

Canadian researchers studied 77 subjects scheduled for colorectal cancer surgery, who were counselled on

exercise, nutrition, and relaxation. Half the patients started the program about a month before surgery and continued for eight weeks after; the other half started right after the procedure. Two months after surgery, the "prehab" group performed significantly better in a mobility test than at the study's start, while the traditional rehab group did worse.

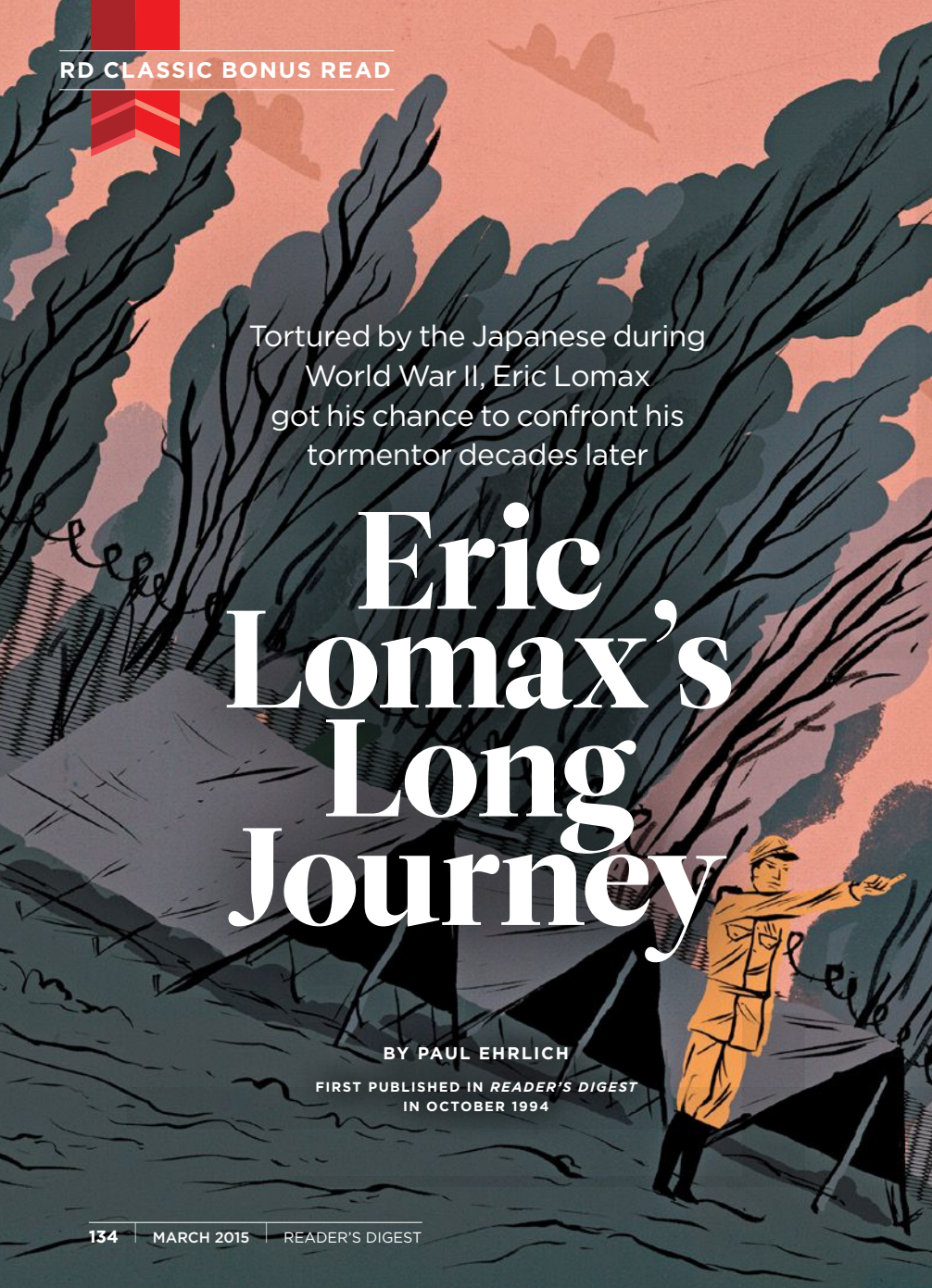
The Mental Secret to Aging Gracefully

In a new Yale School of Public Health study of 100 older adults (average age of 81), researchers showed some participants positive words associated with aging, such as *spunky* and *creative*. The words flashed too quickly for participants to be conscious of them, but those who viewed them improved in physical areas, like balance, for three weeks after. Participants who didn't view words didn't experience such improvements.

Ward Off Ovarian Cancer With Tea

Women who drink at least two cups of black tea daily have a 32 percent lower risk of ovarian cancer compared with those who drink one cup or less per day, according to a large study published in the *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition*. This may be due to certain flavonoids (antioxidant compounds synthesized by plants) in black tea. The study did not include other types of teas.





RD CLASSIC BONUS READ

Tortured by the Japanese during
World War II, Eric Lomax
got his chance to confront his
tormentor decades later

Eric Lomax's Long Journey

BY PAUL EHRLICH

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Eric Lomax watched as tourists crossed the infamous bridge over the River Kwai in Thailand, a legendary structure first built by Allied prisoners during World War II, later partially destroyed by Allied bombing and eventually rebuilt. To either side of the lanky, white-haired Scotsman were souvenir shops and restaurants catering to visitors. How strange that this serene setting had once been the site of such horrors.

He anxiously peered along the riverbank. It was not very far from where he stood that Lomax had met the man for the first time, face to face. He could never forget the terror he had felt on that day, or for so many years after.

Now [it's 1993] he began wondering if coming here again was a mistake. His thoughts were cut short when he saw a small, slightly stooped man walking towards him. Half a century had passed, but Lomax instantly knew. He had no choice now but to go through with it.

BORN ON 30 MAY 1919, in Edinburgh, Scotland, Eric Lomax grew up as an only child. A happy youth, he developed a passion for trains, and eventually an academic interest in telegraphs, telephones and radio technology.

In the late 1930s, the handsome, dark-haired young man found work as a clerk for the city's Telephone and Post Department. He had plans to marry his sweetheart and to make a career in telecommunications.

But everything changed with the outbreak of World War II in 1939. Lomax volunteered for military service and was eventually posted on the British colony of Singapore as a second lieutenant in the Royal Corps of Signals.

After Japan signed an alliance with Nazi Germany in September 1940, the Japanese Imperial Army swept through Southeast Asia. Backed by aerial bombing, Japanese troops steadily gained ground against Singapore until, on 15 February 1942, the trapped Allied forces surrendered. Thousands of soldiers, including Lieutenant Lomax, were taken prisoner.

Eight months later, Lomax and about 600 others were shipped to Ban Pong, a town in Thailand about 80km west of Bangkok, and herded into bamboo huts.

The burden of captivity grew heavier by the day, compounded by the lack of food and medicine, the relentless sweltering heat, the feeling of isolation. To bring in news of the war, a few of the prisoners risked building a radio receiver. They collected scrap wire and fragments of metal, then Lomax, using a fire in the kitchen, soldered the parts together.

The radio was concealed in a steel coffee tin. At night, Lomax and other officers huddled around the receiver listening to broadcasts from New Delhi. The next day they would circulate the war news by word of mouth or encoded notes that were later burned.

The prisoners took the radio along when they were moved to the village of Kanchanaburi in February 1943.

THE CAMP AT KANCHANABURI was the headquarters for the construction of a rail link to Burma that would supply Japanese troops preparing to invade India. The prisoners would build a bridge spanning the River Kwai.

Despite the camp's tight security, Lomax began to draw a map of the area in case it became necessary to attempt an escape. Many prisoners feared there could be mass executions if the Japanese started losing the war. Lomax well knew the risk: an Australian POW who was found with a handmade map had been shot.

The map was carefully hidden in the prisoners' latrine. All appeared secure—until one morning in late August 1943. During a 6am roll call, the Japanese announced a search of the huts while the prisoners remained at attention.

Hours passed, the sun grew hotter, and the parched prisoners became more and more worried as the Japanese piled confiscated goods like nails, screws and wire in front of the huts.

Suddenly, there was an angry cry from inside Lomax's hut. The rusty coffee container encasing the radio had been discovered under a prisoner's bed platform. His only immediate punishment was to be forced to swing a 13-kilo sledgehammer down onto a

block of wood, for hours on end.

Nothing more happened, but Lomax knew it was the calm before the storm. On the morning of September 21st, a Japanese soldier entered Lomax's hut. Five names were called out. Lomax's was last. "Gather your belongings and come with us!" the soldier shouted.

Shaken, Lomax wondered if a fellow prisoner had provided their names under brutal interrogation. He quickly



**THERE WAS AN ANGRY
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ducked into the latrine and grabbed the map. We'll need this if we try to slip away and make a run for it, he thought.

Lomax, three other British officers and an Australian were taken to another camp in Kanchanaburi. They were thrown to the ground and their baggage ransacked. A guard found Lomax's map and waved it menacingly in the air. All the prisoners were then ordered to stand at attention in the scorching sun, where they remained the whole day without food or water.

Finally, at 10pm, the prisoners were taken one by one to a group of guards

standing nearby, who beat them brutally with pickaxes. Amid the blows, Lomax lost consciousness.

After lying under the fierce sun for two days, the horribly injured prisoners were taken to the camp hospital. Lomax was in the worst condition. His arms were badly broken, and both had to be set in wooden splints. His nose also was broken, his right hip fractured, and several ribs cracked. Huge bruises covered his body.

"You men suffered the most horrendous beatings I have ever witnessed," the doctor, a Dutch prisoner, said. "I counted 900 blows over six hours."

After two weeks, the same prisoners were roused at 5am and driven off to military police headquarters. Lomax was made to crawl into a bamboo cage, painfully pulling himself with arms still encased in splints and bandages.

Two days later, he was taken to a drab room inside the military police building. Still wearing his shredded blood-stained clothes, he stared before him at two Japanese soldiers in clean, pressed uniforms, sitting behind a wooden table. One of them was Takashi Nagase.

JUST MOMENTS BEFORE, Nagase had been sitting in military police headquarters poring over a pile of documents. Then the sergeant stepped into the room. "We've caught some prisoners operating a radio—and one of them had a map," he said. "Come with me for the interrogation."

The quiet and studious 25-year-old was an unlikely soldier. He had in fact been a church-going English student in Tokyo when his academic plans were cut short by the war.

His first assignment was in Saigon, where he translated captured military documents. In September 1943, Nagase was attached to the Military Police Platoon in Kanchanaburi, where he relayed Japanese orders in English to POWs. While inside the prison camps, he was astonished to see desperately ill prisoners in "hospitals" that consisted of huts without roofs. Men lay shivering from fever in blankets soaked through by the monsoon rains.

But it was nothing compared to what he was about to witness.

Nagase looked at the gaunt British soldier standing in front of him. He looks so strong, the interpreter thought. But he must be terrified inside.

He conferred with the sergeant, then turned to Lomax. "We know you were involved in building the radio—your friends confessed to your part in it," Nagase said somberly. "Who else was involved? Where did the materials come from? Who worked out the technical details?"

Lieutenant Lomax quietly refused to give them any new information. The Japanese sergeant exclaimed angrily and barked orders at Nagase. The session went on for hours, but no amount of pressuring could get Lomax to confess his role or to give up his fellow prisoners.

The long hours of questioning turned into days. Eventually, the furious military police began to slap him. Nagase winced as he watched Lomax take repeated blows to the face.

On occasion, when the police stalked out of the room momentarily, Nagase leaned over to Lomax and whispered, "If you confess to the crime, they'll stop beating you." The



NAGASE LEANED OVER TO LOMAX AND WHISPERED, "IF YOU CONFESS TO THE CRIME, THEY'LL STOP BEATING YOU." THE PITY HE FELT WAS DEEP.

pity he felt was deep.

But all Nagase got in return was a cold defiant stare. Looking into Lomax's piercing blue eyes, Nagase said to himself, I understand. I would feel the same.

Finally, on the fifth day, Lomax was accused of being a spy—a crime punishable by death. Nagase told him he had to sign a confession.

"Sign it and the interrogations will stop," he said. "You will be executed, but it will still be to your advantage in the time remaining to admit the truth."

Lomax refused once more.

"Take him outside," ordered a mili-

tary policeman.

Two soldiers dragged Lomax out into the hot October afternoon. Beside the banks of the River Kwai, the soldiers forced the prisoner on to his back on top of a wooden bench and tied him up. Nagase could see that he was in agony.

"Are you ready to talk?" Nagase asked. Lomax shook his head.

The soldiers placed a towel over the British soldier's mouth and nose. One of the guards then picked up a rubber hose, turned on the faucet full force, and directed the stream onto the towel. Lomax gagged, then frantically gasped for breath as water filled his mouth and throat. Nagase watched as Lomax's stomach began to swell. The man was drowning.

"Mother! Mother!" Lomax cried out in near-delirium when the towel finally was taken off. Again the prisoner was told to confess; again he refused.

A soldier beat Lomax with a tree branch, striking him again and again. When he stopped, the wet towel went back over his face. Lomax screamed once more.

As Nagase listened to the shrieks, he thought, *The shame my mother would feel if she saw her son now.*

The cruel punishment continued day after day. After more than a week the Japanese finally gave up.

It was Nagase's last task to inform Lomax that he was being transferred out of the camp. He couldn't disclose where. When the army truck pulled



up, the Japanese interpreter wanted somehow to express his sorrow, but he couldn't think how. Finally Nagase said softly, "Keep your chin up."

Lomax stared back, his blue eyes filled with hate.

THE EXCRUCIATING TORTURE at the hands of the military police had nearly conquered Lomax's will to live. But he had prayed for strength, and his faith in God helped him survive. He also was bolstered by thoughts of his loving parents and his fiancée. *If I have even a fraction of a chance of seeing them again, he thought, it is a chance worth fighting for.*

As he rode in the army truck, his sharpest memory was not of the water torture or the beatings, but of the Japanese interpreter. To Lomax, he was

the personification of all the atrocities committed by the Japanese. When the interpreter whispered to him to confess, Lomax had made a point of staring back into the man's face. He wanted to memorize every feature: the dark eyes, the small nose, the broad forehead. *Someday I will find you and make you pay*, Lomax told himself.

At the Japanese Military Police headquarters in Bangkok, Lomax was put on trial and found guilty of "anti-Japanese activities." His sentence: five years of hard labour.

Lomax breathed a sigh of relief. At least it wasn't the death penalty.

Nine days later, on 27 October 1943, he was shipped off to Outram Road Prison in Singapore—a disease-ridden place with tiny cells. The prisoners there were riddled with scabs, malaria,

pellagra and dysentery. Medical treatment was nonexistent.

In the ensuing months, Lomax became so thin that he could close one hand entirely around his upper arm, but he managed to survive until the end of the war in August 1945. He thanked God that he had made it.

After several months of convalescence in India, he set sail for Britain in October 1945. His suffering appeared to be over.

NAGASE REMAINED IN Kanchanaburi for several months after Lomax's departure for Singapore. But there were no more interrogations for him. He translated documents, patrolled POW camps, and at night helped track down enemy paratroopers. No amount of work, however, could block from his mind the sound of the British prisoner screaming. He couldn't recall the man's name. But the image of his cold eyes remained vivid.

Is he still alive? Nagase wondered. *If he survived, what happened to him?*

He had always believed it was his duty and privilege to serve his country. But how was he to reconcile such blind faith with his participation in merciless tortures? What did it really mean to be a loyal Japanese? The questions burned into his soul.

When the war ended Nagase made his way back to Bangkok where, within weeks, it was the British victors who were using his services. Finally, the 28-year-old interpreter was allowed

to go home in June 1946.

His parents were very happy to see him, but the family—like Japan itself—was in desperate straits. Food was scarce and work almost nonexistent.

For the next two years, Nagase found employment in odd jobs. Meanwhile the family grew their own food, which was barely enough for their survival.

But there remained something worse for Nagase than the hunger pains. *Why did we go to war?* he kept asking himself. *Why did we commit such deeds?*

The more he contemplated the wartime atrocities, the more his depression deepened. One afternoon, he went to a desolate spot alongside the ocean. Unable to swim, he planned to drown himself by walking into the sea. For a long time, Nagase stared out at the pounding surf. But he couldn't take the step.

In September 1949, Nagase got a teaching position in a secondary school on the outskirts of Tokyo. For the next year everything seemed to become more manageable. But then he began to experience frequent attacks of difficulty breathing and coughing. A visit to the doctor revealed he had tuberculosis. It was the beginning of several years in and out of hospital. One evening in 1953, walking home with a friend from dinner, he felt an excruciating pain tear through his chest. He collapsed, gasping for breath.

X-rays showed Nagase had suffered

a mild heart attack. He was soon home again, but over the following years he continued to experience chest pains, which he thought of as punishment for his wrongdoing. Each time they occurred, he silently apologized to the British soldier.

If I could meet him again, I would ask for his forgiveness, Nagase thought.

RETURNING TO EDINBURGH, Lomax was eager to get on with a new life. Just three weeks after his arrival, he married his fiancée.

To outward appearances, his life settled into a comfortable and stable routine. He retired from the army in 1948, worked abroad for some years and later taught personnel management at Strathclyde University in Glasgow. Meanwhile, he became the father of two daughters.

But the horrors of his wartime past wouldn't leave him. Lomax frequently awoke at night screaming from terror-filled images of beatings and water torture. Sometimes he would again see Nagase's face and hear his voice. Each nightmare would be followed by a day filled with silent rage.

Whenever he tried to fill out a form or write a letter, he was further reminded of his days at Kanchanaburi. The fractured bones in his right arm and wrist had never reset properly, and Lomax found it painful even to sign his name.

Over time his mental state grew in-

creasingly fragile. His dark obsession with the interpreter began feeding a larger hatred for the Japanese people. Eventually, any Oriental face triggered the flashbacks.

At home, Lomax would blow up over trivial events like the postman arriving late or his tea being served too cold.

"What's going on?" asked his wife. "You're not the same anymore."

"Just leave me alone!" he would snap back.

Lomax remained tight-lipped and sullen. He especially refused to talk about the war experiences that were fuelling his despair. Finally the marriage ended.

Two years passed and Lomax, then 61, met Patricia Wallace, a 43-year-old nurse. The two talked easily together and Lomax found that Patti's presence was like balm for his troubled soul. As they spent more time together, Patti noticed how Lomax would erupt in anger or lapse into stony silence. She understood that it had to do with his war experience and assumed that things would get better with time. In 1983, the two were married.

But Lomax's flashbacks continued. One morning, Lomax walked into an Edinburgh bank to change an account. The bank assistant asked him the usual questions, such as his name, birth date and address. Suddenly, in Lomax's mind, the young banker was transformed into the Japanese interrogator and he left

the building in a panic.

In 1984, Lomax retired and the couple moved to a small town on England's North Sea coast. Yet the mental agony followed him. He woke up screaming from nightmares of brutal beatings and the Japanese interpreter.

Lomax was so mistrusting and reclusive that even the simplest decisions were a struggle. By the end of 1986, Patti could bear it no longer. "Either you find professional help," she told him, "or our marriage will be destroyed."

Not long after, Lomax read about a London-based organization called the Medical Foundation for the Care of Victims of Torture. He became a patient, and for the first time since the war had ended he talked about his experiences as a POW.

Sitting in on the sessions, Patti was stunned to hear the numbing details of Lomax's suffering. Her respect for him grew even more. *Here is someone worth fighting for*, she told herself.

NAGASE CONTINUED TO SPEND the post-war years wrestling with his own demons. In 1955, he opened a small English-language school, and a few years later he met Yoshiko Fujiwara, a 33-year-old woman who owned a wholesale shop. Nagase found himself telling her everything about his war experiences and the suffering he had witnessed.

"I have promised myself to atone

for these terrible cruelties," Nagase explained to her. "Not only for myself, but for all the others in the Japanese Imperial Army who remain silent."

Yoshiko, a devout Buddhist, was sympathetic and urged him to follow through on this mission. Two months later they married.

When the Japanese government eased post-war restrictions on ordinary citizens travelling abroad, Nagase decided to return to Kanchanaburi.

On 20 August 1963, Nagase and Yoshiko boarded a plane for Thailand.



"I HAVE PROMISED MYSELF TO ATONE FOR THESE TERRIBLE CRUELITIES," NAGASE EXPLAINED TO HER. **"NOT ONLY FOR MYSELF, BUT FOR ALL THE OTHERS."**

Four hours later, as they made their descent into Hong Kong for a brief stopover, Nagase felt a sharp pain in his chest and had trouble breathing.

He said nothing to his wife, but, in the terminal, she noticed his distress.

"I'll be okay," Nagase reassured her. "I just need to lie down for a minute."

He rested his head on her lap until the call for boarding. When Yoshiko questioned the wisdom of their continuing on, Nagase told her, "I must do this."

They arrived at the railway site at Kanchanaburi and walked across to the green lawn of the Kanchanaburi War Cemetery. In the middle of the grounds, a large white cross stood against a cloudless sky. As he examined the inscriptions on some of the bronze plaques marking the resting place of 7000 soldiers, Nagase wondered if the tortured British soldier lay among them.

With his wife beside him, he laid a wreath at the base of the cross. The moment he joined his hands in prayer, he felt a sudden calm. *Could this mean I am pardoned?* he thought.

Over the next 13 years, Nagase made more than 20 pilgrimages to Kanchanaburi. He paid homage to the soldiers and prayed for forgiveness, as if all the atrocities committed by the Japanese Army rested on his frail shoulders.

Nagase also began speaking in Japan at rallies to promote friendship and understanding among Pacific War veterans. "Japan must never be the aggressor again," he declared, as he described brutalities committed by the Imperial Army.

In 1976, he proposed to bring together in Kanchanaburi former Allied prisoners and Japanese soldiers. The response from ex-POWs was strong, and generally unfriendly.

"We'd like to throw Nagase into the River Kwai," said one former prisoner.

There was opposition as well from many Japanese. The Ministry of For-

eign Affairs was outraged and urged Nagase to abort the project.

But there was favourable reaction as well, and that October, more than 30 years after the war ended, 23 ex-POWs from Britain, Australia and America arrived in Kanchanaburi to meet 51 former Japanese soldiers. At first, the wartime foes were awkward, but soon they were sharing stories and treating each other with respect.

The group visited the war cemetery, and together walked across the 300-metre-long bridge on the River Kwai. For Nagase, it was a soul-stirring experience. The residue of hate and enmity was beginning to disappear.

ERIC LOMAX, HOWEVER, remained darkly obsessed with the Japanese soldiers who tortured him—especially the English-speaking interpreter who was always there questioning him, telling him to give in. *I'll find a way to punish him*, Lomax thought again and again.

He wrote to other British survivors of Kanchanaburi requesting any information about camp officials, and put the same plea in a magazine for former prisoners-of-war. Nothing came of the effort.

Then, in October 1989, a friend handed Lomax a clipping from *The Japan Times*, an English-language newspaper published in Tokyo. The story was about Takashi Nagase, and the recent publication of his book, *Crosses and Tigers*, which recounted

his experiences during the war years and after.

"Every time he suffers a cardiac fit," the reporter had written, "he has flashbacks of the Japanese military police in Kanchanaburi torturing a POW who was accused of possessing a map of the railroad. One of their methods was to pour large amounts of water down his throat."

"That prisoner was me!" Lomax exclaimed. He stared in shock at the



WHEN LOMAX
RETURNED HOME,
HE RACED TO HIS WIFE.

"I'VE FOUND HIM!" HE
SAID EXCITEDLY.

"WHAT WILL YOU DO
NOW?" PATTI ASKED.

newspaper's photo of the 71-year-old Nagase.

When Lomax returned home, he raced to his wife. "I've found him!" he said excitedly.

"What will you do now?" Patti asked.

"I'm not sure," Lomax replied. "But I'd love to get my hands around his neck."

Patti suggested maybe he should write Nagase to find out more about him. Lomax refused. Eventually, she got her husband's grudging permission to send a letter on her own.

"My husband is the man you tortured so terribly," Patti wrote to Nagase. "He has lived with many unanswered questions all these years, questions to which perhaps only you can help him find the answers. If you are willing, perhaps you would agree to correspond with my husband?"

Within two weeks she received a reply. Nagase had written, "I have often prayed I would meet your husband again and be able to seek forgiveness."

Patti wrote back with details about the injuries Lomax suffered during the prison beatings, including arms "still so misshapen" that it was necessary for someone else to type his correspondence. "No human being should be subjected to such inhuman cruelty. Whether he can totally forgive your own involvement remains to be seen..."

She ended with a personal hope: "Perhaps it is now time for reconciliation and a healing peace for two people whose personal history has been so entwined all these years."

Nagase replied with a long letter filled with remorse for the past, and he asked if he could meet with Lomax to receive his forgiveness.

The personal agony expressed in Nagase's book and in his letters had affected Lomax. Yet he found it difficult to stem the rage that had built up over so many years. Was he now to think of Nagase as a caring and compassionate person?



Eric Lomax's reunion with a remorseful Takashi Nagase in Thailand, 1993.

Finally Lomax succumbed to Patti's urging and agreed to respond to Nagase himself. He dictated to his wife a note that was both brief and direct. "Perhaps," Lomax concluded, "a meeting would be good for both of us."

ON 21 MARCH 1993, their tenth wedding anniversary, Lomax and his wife flew to Bangkok. Patti could feel tension radiating from her husband throughout the flight and later on the train that took them north to Kanchanaburi.

The night before the meeting with Nagase, Lomax could barely sleep. What would they say to each other? Could he even speak to this person?

The next morning Lomax and Patti walked over to the war museum and strolled about nervously, glancing at

the displays. At 10am Lomax saw the slight Japanese man walking towards him. The face was much older, but still instantly recognizable. Lomax stood rigid, waiting; Patti discreetly walked off to one side.

When Nagase reached Lomax, he put his hands to his side and bowed deeply. "I am very sorry," he said softly, "so very sorry. I would like ..." Nagase's voice cracked, and he began to cry.

Lomax put out his hand and Nagase clasped it tightly in his own.

Neither man said anything for a while. Finally, Lomax broke the silence. "Do you remember what you told me when we last met?"

"No, I don't," Nagase replied.

"You said, 'Keep your chin up.'"
Lomax paused, and then smiled. The tension began to vanish.

The men talked for hours about their lives since the war. At one point, Nagase asked for forgiveness, but Lomax evaded the question.

Over the next three days they toured Kanchanaburi. They drove to the site of the military police headquarters. It had been torn down and a new building now occupied the spot. Both kept replaying in their minds the brutality that had occurred there, but neither could talk in detail about it.

At one point, Nagase asked if Lomax would like to revisit the river bank.

"No," Lomax replied. "That is the one place on earth I never wish to return to."

During less sombre moments, the two talked about their interests, discovering a mutual passion for collecting rare books. Their rapport grew easier and easier with time.

Nagase invited the Lomaxes to fly on with him and his wife to Japan, and they spent several days together in Nagase's home town. Always in Nagase's mind was his request, still unanswered: Would Lomax forgive him?

The two couples went on together for a few last days in Tokyo. One afternoon Lomax asked Patti to take Yoshiko shopping. He wanted to have time alone with Nagase.

The men sat down in the hotel room. For several minutes, neither spoke. Then Lomax handed Nagase a letter he had written the night before. Nagase unfolded the page and read the words. "Although I can't forget the ill treatment at Kanchanaburi, taking into account your change of heart, your apologies, the work you are doing,

please accept my total forgiveness."

Nagase felt a wave of happiness envelop him. He read on. "I also feel that you are taking on your own shoulders the entire guilt of the Japanese people. You should let that go."

Nagase looked up and grasped Lomax's hand. Both men had tears in their eyes. "Hate is a useless battle," said Lomax. "It has to end sometime."

The next day, as the two couples said good-bye, Nagase turned to Lomax and extended his hand. "We are friends now, after all these years."

Lomax shook his hand and smiled. "Yes, we are friends."

Then, the two former enemies embraced.

Takashi Nagase died in 2011 and Eric Lomax passed away the following year. They remained friends for the rest of their lives, writing and telephoning each other often.

*Lomax's 1995 award-winning autobiography, *The Railway Man*, was turned into a feature film in 2013 starring Colin Firth and Nicole Kidman.*



*
* *

I KID, I KID

Sometimes, at night, after my son has gone to bed, I go into my room and finish all my sentences.

@PAULAPOUNDSTONE

My kids really hate my ice-cream-truck ringtone.

JEFF LYONS @USEDWIGS

WHO ? KNEW

18 Things Cyber Crooks Don't Want You to Know



BY MICHELLE CROUCH

1 WE SEND INCREDIBLY PERSONAL E-MAILS

Spear phishing, the act of sending targeted e-mails to get you to share financial information or passwords, can be exceptionally sophisticated. "The old-style ones had spelling and punctuation errors, but today, it has really become an art," says Mark Pollitt, PhD, former chief of the FBI's computer forensic unit. "They may call you by name, use your profes-

sional title, and mention a project you're working on."

OUTSMART US: Spot phishing e-mails by looking for incorrect or unusual URLs (hover over links to see the actual URL address), requests for personal information or money, suspicious attachments, or a message body that's actually an image. Unless you're confident that a message is from someone you know, don't open attachments or links.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SERGE BLOCH

2 WE'VE GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD

Hackers have programs that systematically test millions of possible passwords. "They go to sleep and wake up in the morning, and the program is still going, testing one password combination after another," says Peter Fellini, a security engineer with Zensar Technologies, an IT and software services firm.

OUTSMART US: Instead of a password, try a passphrase. Use letters and characters from a phrase and include special characters, numbers, and upper and lowercase letters (*Mary had a little lamb* could become *mh@Ll*, for example).

Or consider a password manager that generates and remembers random, difficult-to-crack passwords. (Even then, some experts recommend unique passphrases for financial accounts in case the password manager gets hacked.)

3 WE SNEAK WHILE YOU SURF

A growing number of cyberattacks are arriving via "drive-by download," says Giovanni Vigna, PhD, a computer science professor at the University of California at Santa Barbara and cofounder of anti-malware provider Lastline Inc. "You visit what looks like a perfectly harmless website," he says, "but in the background, you are redirected to a series of other sites that send you an attack." Often even the website's

owner doesn't know the site has been compromised. Although search engines keep blacklists of known malicious sites, the bad sites are continuously changing.

OUTSMART US: Make sure you install all available updates to your browser, or use a browser that automatically updates, like Firefox. Vigna's research has found that Internet Explorer users are most vulnerable to these attacks.

4 WE CAN INFILTRATE YOUR BABY MONITOR OR SMART TV

Remember, your smart device is essentially a computer—and chances are, it's not a particularly secure one. Anything in your house that's connected to the internet, from your smart fridge to your climate-control system, can be hacked. In several recent incidents, hackers were able to hijack a baby monitor and yell at a baby. Experts have also shown how hackers can turn on a smart TV's camera and spy on you.

OUTSMART US: When setting up smart devices, always change the default password. Most of these devices work from your wireless router, so password protecting your Wi-Fi can also help. Keep up with firmware updates; many devices will inform you when there's an update available. Otherwise, look for an Update Firmware option in the main menu or settings.



5 WE EAVESDROP ON FREE PUBLIC WI-FI NETWORKS

Even if you're connected to a legitimate public network, a "man-in-the-middle" attack can allow hackers to snoop on the session between your computer and the hot spot.

OUTSMART US: Avoid public Wi-Fi if possible, especially unsecured networks without passwords, advise security experts at MetLife Defender, a personal data protection program. Instead, set up your smartphone as a secure hot spot or sign up for a VPN (virtual private network) service. If you must use public Wi-Fi, avoid financial transactions and consider using a browser extension like HTTPS everywhere to encrypt your communications.

6 WE LURE YOU WITH "SHOCKING" VIDEOS ON FACEBOOK

A friend just posted a video of an "unbelievable animal found in Africa." If you click to watch, you're asked to download a media player or take a survey that will install malware on your computer, says Tyler Reguly, manager of security research at the cybersecurity firm Tripwire. It also shares the video with all your friends.

OUTSMART US: Type the video's title into Google and see if it's on YouTube. If it's a scam, someone has probably already reported it.

7 WE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR TYPOS

Fake sites with slightly altered URLs like *microsof~~t~~.com* look surprisingly similar to the real site you meant to visit, but they're designed to steal your data or install malware (malicious software) on your computer.

OUTSMART US: Double-check the site's address before logging in with your name and password, especially if the home page looks different. Check for *https* in the address before typing in your credit card information.

8 WE CRACK YOUR PASSWORD ON "EASY" SITES

A 2014 study found that about half of us use the same password for multiple websites, making a cybercrook's job easy. "A hacker will break into a soft target like a hiking forum, get your e-mail address and password, and then go to your e-mail account and try to log in with same password," says Marc Maiffret, chief technology officer at BeyondTrust, a security and compliance management company.



"If that works, they'll look to see if you have any e-mails from a bank. Then they'll go to your bank account and try that same password."

OUTSMART US: Use two-factor authentication, a simple feature that requires more than just your username and password for you to log on. In addition to your password, for example, a site may require you to enter a randomly generated code sent to your smartphone to log in. Many companies—including Facebook, Google, Microsoft, Apple, and most major banks—now offer some form of this safeguard. (For a list of companies that offer it, visit twofactorauth.org and click Docs under your provider to learn how to set it up.)

9 WE LOVE YOUR BLUETOOTH HEADSET

If you leave the Bluetooth function enabled after using a hands-free headset, hackers can easily connect to your phone, manipulate it, and steal your data.

OUTSMART US: Always turn Blue-



tooth off after you use it. Set your visibility to "off" or "not discoverable," and require a security code when you pair with another Bluetooth device.

10 WE CAN EASILY BREAK INTO ROUTERS THAT USE WEP ENCRYPTION

Many older routers still rely on a type of encryption called WEP (Wired Equivalent Privacy), which can easily be cracked with a widely available software program that anyone can download.

OUTSMART US: Make sure your router uses WPA2 (Wi-Fi Protected Access 2), the most secure type of encryption, or at least WPA. Click your computer's wireless network icon to check the security type. If your router doesn't give you one of those choices, call your router manufacturer to see if you need to do a firmware update—otherwise, plan to get a new router. Don't forget to change your preset Wi-Fi password, since any good hacker knows the default passwords for all major routers.

11 WE IMPERSONATE TRUSTWORTHY COMPANIES

You may get a fake financial warning from your bank or credit card company, order confirmation from a retailer, or social networking invitation.

OUTSMART US: Remember, most companies never ask you outright for your account information. You

can sometimes spot this type of scam by hovering over the address in the From field or by hitting Reply All and looking for misspellings or strange addresses. Also, check to see that the e-mail was sent to you and only you. If you're not sure it's legit, call the company instead.

12 WE HACKED THAT ATM YOU JUST WITHDREW CASH FROM

Crooks install cleverly disguised "skimmers" to steal your card information, while a hidden camera or a thin skin over the keypad captures your PIN.

OUTSMART US: Try to use ATMs inside banks, where it's tougher for criminals to install these devices, and inspect the machine carefully before you use it. "Whenever I use an ATM, I give the area where you insert the card a little tug to make sure it's secure and is really a part of the machine," Fellini says.

13 WE COUNT ON YOUR DOWNLOADING OUR FREE, FAKE VERSIONS OF POPULAR APPS

These apps steal confidential information or bypass your phone's security settings and subscribe you to premium services. "You choose the free version of a game, it asks for all sorts of access, and you say 'yes, yes, yes' to all the permissions," Vigna says. "The next thing you know, it's sending text messages and stealing your money."

OUTSMART US: Before installing an app, check the ratings and number of people who have installed it—hackers can fake positive ratings, but they can't stop other posters from warning that the app is a trick. Most fake apps have to be downloaded straight from a website, so make sure you always download from an official market like Google Play or Apple's App Store.

14 WE DEBIT TINY AMOUNTS—AT FIRST

Cyberthieves may test-drive a stolen card number by running a small charge to see if anyone notices.

OUTSMART US: Check your transactions online regularly—even daily. If you spot a charge you don't recognize, report it immediately to your card issuer.

15 WE LOVE THAT YOU ALWAYS LEAVE WI-FI ON

Though it's convenient to leave Wi-Fi turned on while travelling with your laptop, tablet, or smartphone, your device will constantly try to connect to known networks. Attackers can identify those and set up rogue networks that impersonate them.

OUTSMART US: Get in the habit of turning off your Wi-Fi every time you leave your home.

16 WE FOOL YOU WITH BOGUS SOFTWARE UPDATES

You know you're supposed to update your software to protect it, but hack-

ers may send you fake updates that actually install malicious backdoor programs on your computer.

OUTSMART US: If you get a pop-up message about an update, go to the software provider's actual website and check to see if it's real. Try closing your browser to see if the pop-up disappears—if it does, it may be fake.

17 WE CAN CRACK SUPPOSEDLY SAFE RETAILERS

Experts say big brands will continue getting hacked until retailers can better protect their data. Hackers sell your information on the black market, and other criminals then use it to make counterfeit cards that can be used for shopping.

OUTSMART US: Don't save your financial information when you shop online—check out as a “guest” when you can. If you fall prey to an attack, ask your bank to issue you a new credit card, take advantage of any credit monitoring that's offered, and scrutinize your statements.



SAFETY IN REAL LIFE

A reader who recovered from or prevented a cybercrime shares his advice

18 Avoid debit cards—they allow hackers much easier access to bank accounts than credit cards do. Also, when logging in to an online account, never check the box that says “Remember me.” It takes only a couple of seconds to type in your username and password each time, and you don't want that information “remembered.”

RICK KANE,
North Carolina, USA **R**

A cybersecurity expert from MetLife Defender helped select the best tip.



HOW DID THAT GET HERE?

Recently, as I was wandering around a local market town, I saw an advertisement in a shop window that said:

“Electric chair, five years old, in very good condition. £50 or near offer.”

Capital punishment is clearly no longer practised in my town.

JOHN WARD, York, UK

Strange Facts About Symbols You See Everywhere

BY BRANDON SPECKTOR

Has a Name You'd Never Guess

Depending on when you were born, you probably know the # symbol as a pound sign, a number sign, or, for the Twitter junkies among us, a hashtag. Turns out, none of those names are right: According to an engineer at Bell Labs (formerly part of AT&T), which made the symbol mainstream via its touch-tone telephones in 1968, that little hex is called an octothorpe.

The *octo* logically describes the symbol's eight points. As for the *thorpe*? Some theories say it comes from the Old English word for *village* (*thorp*), referencing the hex's appearance of eight little fields surrounding a central square; others say the Bell

researchers were just really big fans of the late Olympian Jim Thorpe and needed a cool-sounding syllable to finish their new word.

@ Has Hilarious Names Around the World

A Dutchman calls it a monkey's tail, while an Israeli insists it's a strudel, a fruitcake. They aren't bantering about some new simian-themed bakery; they're just describing the @. Though shorthand use of the @ dates back to the 16th century, it took English speakers a remarkably long time to settle on a name. Today, we know it as the "at mark" or "commercial at" and are most used to seeing it in e-mail addresses. Meanwhile, the rest of the world was inventing brilliant



ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE BATES

descriptors, like the “little dog” (Russian), the “small snail” (Italian), and the straight-up “crazy A” (Bosnian).

! Was a Big Pain to Type

Though the exclamation point has helped express strong feelings on paper since the 15th century, this upstanding punctuation mark got its own dedicated typewriter key very late. Before the 1970s, typists who wanted to use interjections in their work had to type a period, then backspace and type an apostrophe atop it. Secretarial manuals of the 1950s called this Franken-symbol a “bang”—not to be confused with an “interrobang,” which is an exclamation point overlapping with a question mark to indicate incredulity. Can you believe we stopped using this?

¶ Was a Work of Art Before it Turned Invisible

Before printed type, the paragraph mark (or pilcrow) was not only essential punctuation but also a medieval style icon. In the Middle Ages, there were no standards for indenting paragraphs or using line breaks to indicate a change in topic; instead, every new paragraph was denoted by an elaborate, colourful ¶ (even if it fell in the middle of a line). These

pilcrows were ornately drawn by specially trained scribes called rubricators and often added in red ink at the end of a manuscript’s construction. If a rubricator was on deadline, he might choose to skip drawing the laborious pilcrows altogether—which is why, hundreds of years later, they have all but vanished from the page (although, actually a Microsoft Word file still has them hidden away till you switch it to view.)

& Has a More Complex Meaning Than You Think

You know when you see an & symbol (or ampersand) to pronounce it like the word *and*, but the word and the symbol aren’t always interchangeable; the & symbol can denote a cozier relationship between two things. For example, have you noticed in movie credits that sometimes two names will be joined with an & and others with the word *and*? That’s because the Writers Guild of America uses the & symbol to say two writers collaborated directly with each other, while the word *and* means the writers worked on the script individually, at separate times. & that’s a wrap. **R**

Sources: smithsonianmag.com, *Mental Floss*, the *Guardian*, and *Shady Characters* by Keith Houston (W.W. Norton)



Bank manager to gun-toting robber: “We have a loan scheme.
Equally good. Why not try that instead?”

Source: R.K. Laxman cartoon

That's Outrageous!

FLYING HIGH, INDEED



Bon voyage, bon pilot!

AVIOPHOBIA, the fear of flying, is common despite air travel being arguably the safest mode of transport. The odds of your plane crashing are miniscule—with just a 0.00001% chance, according to one leading statistician. So there's nothing to fear.

If your pilot is sober, that is.

Over a five-year period, until February last year, 165 pilots across the country were found to have high blood alcohol levels during checks. This revelation followed a Right to Information petition filed by *The Times of India*. Delhi, Mumbai, Kolkata and Chennai lead the way, with 50, 47, 18 and 17 pilots, respectively, having been grounded on this most unprofessional account.

Figures from the Director General

of Civil Aviation (DGCA) also show that every year, an increasing number of pilots are being caught with higher-than-permissible limits of alcohol in their blood during pre-flight medical examinations.

But even more worrying: "In most cases, airlines cover up for the pilots failing breath-analyzer tests before a flight," Captain Mohan Ranganathan, a safety expert and member of the DGCA committee on passenger safety, told the *Times*.

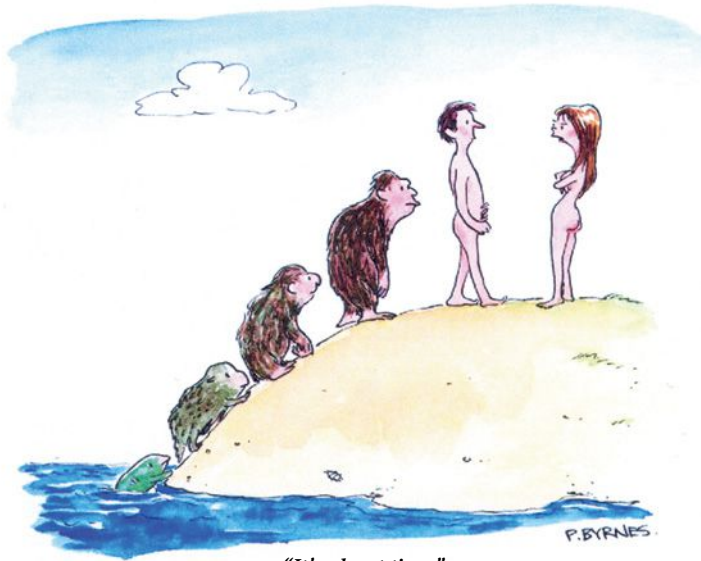
Flight operations inspectors, too, have tested positive during pre-flight alcohol tests, but they have been allowed to continue, says Ranganathan.

What an awful situation for air passengers!

—DEVEN KANAL



Life's Like That



"It's about time."

A SENIOR, I was inspecting an exhibit made by a third-standard student for our school's science fair. The little fellow was so confident of winning that I asked, "What makes you think you will run away with the trophy?"

"No, I am not a thief," he replied, "I will wait for the results to be announced."

BENJAMIN BASHYAS SARMA, Guwahati

MY WIFE CAN suffer in silence louder than anyone I know.

@QWERTYING

RAINING? Do I hear free car wash?

@ANDREWSEARLES

I'M OF CHINESE DESCENT, but never really learnt my parents' language. One evening, I came home boasting about a wonderful meal I'd had in our local Chinatown. I couldn't remember the restaurant's name but was able to write out the character from the door and showed it to my mother.

"Do you know what it says?" she asked, with a smile. "Pull."

BARBARA MAO



Who Made That?

This 'unloved object' has saved many lives

Smoke Alarm

BY PAGAN KENNEDY FROM *THE NEW YORK TIMES*

IN THE EARLY 1960s Duane Pearsall tinkered in his engineering lab with a machine he called a “static neutralizer”—an ion generator designed to control static electricity in factories and photo labs. But when one of his technicians lit up a cigarette, a meter measuring the ions went haywire. Pearsall realized he’d just hit on a low-cost, low-power method for sniffing smoke.

During the next decade, he and his team developed the SmokeGard, which hung from the ceiling and made a noxious noise whenever it sensed a fire. Soon, smoke detectors were in millions of homes and had

saved innumerable lives.

Yet they could also be irritating. “You have no way of knowing whether it’s operational unless you set fire to your house,” wrote one newspaper humorist in 1977 of a cheap smoke detector he bought in a local store. You can now push a button on smoke alarms to test them, but the button is usually out of reach.

The plastic disk has inspired several anti-fan pages on Facebook. Hundreds of people shared their rage at the way when the battery runs low it would chirp merrily as you lay in bed wishing it would die. “You’d hear it in the middle of the night: beep,

GETTY IMAGES

beep,” says Tony Fadell, an industrial designer known for his work at Apple on the iPod. In 2010, Fadell co-founded a company called Nest to take aim at what he calls the “unloved object” in homes and offices. The smoke detector struck him as an obvious target for redesign.

Fadell and his team noted that people particularly resented the way smoke detectors bully us in the kitchen—it feels as if we’re being shrieked at. “You’re like, ‘I’m just burning the toast!’ ” Fadell says. A new device had to be able to distinguish a wisp of smoke from a dangerous fire. In a non-emergency, it needed to tell you, “ ‘Hey honey, I smell something,’ ” he

says. And so his Nest Protect alarm reacts to cooking smoke with a “Heads up!” in a woman’s voice. To turn off the alarm, you wave your hand underneath it or control it with your phone.

The Nest Protect conveys its moods with a blush of coloured light: “When it glows green, it’s saying, ‘Everything’s fine.’ If it glows yellow, you just wave at it, and it will say, ‘Batteries are low,’ ” according to Fadell.

But this smoke detector costs almost 10 times as much as the cranky old disc. And if you neglect its batteries, the Nest Protect will eventually start chirping in the night.



AIR-QUALITY CONTROL

Mark Belinsky invented a “smart air monitor” called the Birdi that sniffs for smoke, carbon monoxide and pollutants and allergens.

How did you hit on this idea?

After Hurricane Sandy, my grandmother was heating her home with her gas stove, releasing dangerous amounts of carbon monoxide into the air. I wanted a device that would call her to

explain the danger and would also warn me. My friend and I built the prototype at the Big Apps hackathon in New York. We lit a fire underneath a circuit board, and everyone in the audience who had signed up for our app

got a phone call telling them there was an emergency. People were excited.

And how’s your grandmother doing?

Things turned out OK for her. Once the lights came on, so did heating.



Quotable Quotes



It's probably no coincidence that "listen" and "silent" are built from the exact same letters.

Quoted by **SHELAGH ROGERS**, radio host

There isn't anyone you couldn't love once you've heard their story.

SISTER MARY LOU KOWNACKI, author

IT'S THE ORDINARY THINGS THAT SEEM IMPORTANT TO ME.

ALEX COLVILLE, painter

I think I was pretty crazy when I was young and made a lot of quick responses... I'm not that different now, but I do move a lot slower.

NEIL YOUNG

I'VE NEVER BEEN INHIBITED BY WANTING TO LOOK SMART.

AMANDA LANG, journalist

Rock bottom became the solid foundation upon which I rebuilt my life.

J.K. ROWLING



It seems to me that laughter is too easy a way to face the "wilderness of this world"; you can too easily laugh yourself past the difficulties. Laughter is not a way to understand; it is, basically, a method of elusion.

RUDY WIEBE, author

IT PAYS TO ENRICH YOUR

Word Power

Combat conversation miscues with our quiz—which tackles some too-frequent examples of verbal misuse (and abuse!). How sure are you about these tricky words? Answers on the next page.

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

1. noisome ('noi-some) *adj.*—
A: loud. B: stinky. C: crowded.

2. enervated ('en-er-vate-ed) *adj.*—A: lacking energy. B: refreshed. C: feeling anxiety.

3. proscribe (pro-'scribe) *v.*—
A: encourage. B: dispense a medicine. C: forbid.

4. nonplussed (non-'plussed) *adj.*—A: baffled. B: cool under pressure. C: subtracted.

5. principle ('prin-ci-ple) *n.*—
A: interest-earning money. B: basic rule. C: school head.

6. flout ('flou-t) *v.*—A: display proudly. B: scorn. C: defeat decisively.

7. discrete (dis-'cret) *adj.*—
A: separate and distinct. B: showing good manners. C: whole and undamaged.

8. ingenuous (in-'genu-ous) *adj.*—A: showing innocence or

simplicity. B: extremely clever. C: one-of-a-kind.

9. cachet (ca-'shey) *n.*—
A: secret stockpile. B: perfumed bag. C: prestige.

10. allusion (allu-'sion) *n.*—
A: misleading image or perception. B: crazy idea. C: indirect reference.

11. reticent ('re-ti-cent) *adj.*—A: inclined to keep silent. B: reluctant. C: backward.

12. bemused (be-'mused) *adj.*—
A: entertained. B: puzzled. C: inspired.

13. diffuse (di-'fuse) *v.*—A: make less dangerous. B: come together. C: spread or pour out freely.

14. eminent ('e-mi-nent) *adj.*—A: prominent. B: about to happen. C: inherent.

15. apprise (a-'prize) *v.*—
A: estimate a value. B: promote. C: inform of or give notice.

Answers

1. noisome—[B] stinky. Because of the word's deceptive root, *noisome* is often confused with *noisy*.

2. enervated—[A] lacking energy. From the sound of it, you'd think *enervated* means "full of energy"—nope, it's the exact opposite.

3. proscribe—[C] forbid. Careful: *Prescribe* usually means "to suggest a drug or treatment."

4. nonplussed—[A] baffled. The *non* is the deceiver here, leading many to equate *nonplussed* with *calm*.

5. principle—[B] basic rule. A classic gaffe. Sibling *principal* is the head of a school (think "pal") or a capital sum.

6. flout—[B] scorn. Though some sources are doing away with the distinction, *flout* doesn't mean "to flaunt," ie, "to show off."

7. discrete—[A] separate and distinct. This is a spell-check snafu. Its homonym, *discreet*, means "prudent."

8. ingenuous—[A] showing innocence or simplicity. Not—we repeat—not *ingenious*, "showing an aptitude."

9. cachet—[C] prestige. What a difference a letter makes:

Lop off the *t*, and you've got "a secret stockpile" or "a short-lived computer memory."

10. allusion—[C] indirect reference. Another infamous faux pas. *Illusion* is the one referring to a sleight of hand.

11. reticent—[A] inclined to keep silent. It's close to *reluctant*, or "unwilling," so be reticent if you're unsure of the difference.

12. bemused—[B] puzzled. As with *noisome*, you may *want* this to mean "entertained." But as the Rolling Stones sang, "You can't always get what you want."

13. diffuse—[C] spread or pour out freely. You defuse a bomb or a heated situation, but a photographer might diffuse light.

14. eminent—[A] prominent. It's typically mistaken for *imminent*, or "about to happen."

IS IT IRONIC?

Strictly speaking, irony involves a reversal. A cop who has a warrant out for his arrest is ironic because that is not expected. Rain on a wedding day may be dampening, and a tall man named Tallman might be coincidental—but it's properly ironic only if the rain falls on a bright sunny day or if Tallman is short.

15. apprise—[C] inform of or give notice. The PM is apprised of a crisis; antiques are often appraised (given an estimated value).

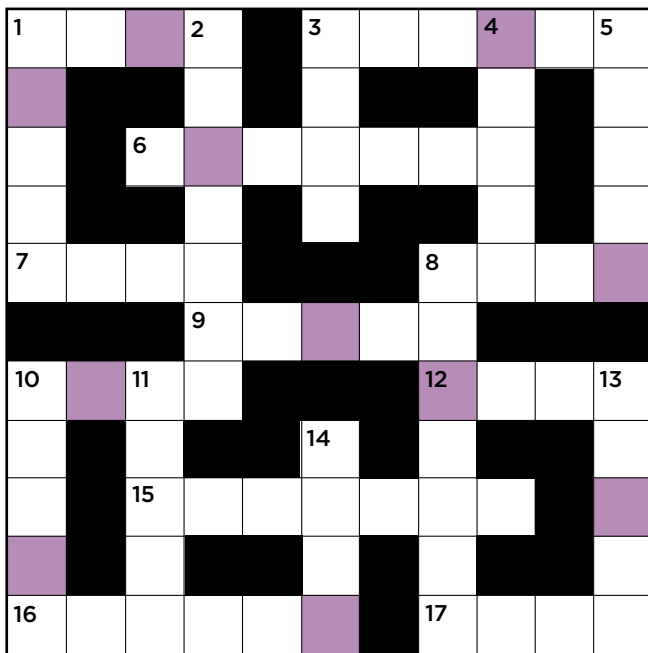
VOCABULARY RATINGS

9 & below: Wordsmith
10-12: Grammar geek
13-15: English prof.

Brain Teasers

CONCISE PUZZLE

Complete the crossword then find the name of a popular author hidden in the shaded squares.



ACROSS

1. Movie (4)
3. Undercover (6)
6. Public disgrace (7)
7. Maggot (4)
8. Shaft (4)
9. Swift (5)
10. Staple food (4)
12. Fair (4)
15. Upper limit (7)
16. Inform (6)
17. Following (4)

DOWN

1. Hurl (5)
2. Gruesome (7)
3. Rational (4)
4. Take it easy (5)
5. Sample (5)
8. Postpone (7)
10. Man-made fibre (5)
11. Celestial body (5)
13. Fish (5)
14. Water plant (4)

ANSWERS

Across:

1. Film 3. Secret
6. Scandal 7. Grub
8. Axle 9. Rapid 10. Rice
12. Just 15. Maximum
16. Notify 17. Next
Down:
1. Filing 2. Macabre
3. Sane 4. Relax 5. Taste
8. Adjour 10. Rayon
11. Comet 13. Trout 14. Lily
The hidden celebrity
is Jilly Cooper

Studio



**FROM THE *PROVERBS* SERIES BY SUNIL LOHAR,
OIL AND ACRYLIC ON CANVAS,
81 X 102 CM, 2010**

Artist Sunil Loхар brings to life the Kannada proverbs he grew up with in this surreal, narrative painting. "I like adages that bring out the zany side of human nature," says Loхар, 31. "For instance, the figure donning the Gandhi cap symbolizes a saying, which roughly translates as 'People are not always what they portray'." The labyrinthine walls represent today's gated communities. Loхар teaches art and esthetics at Hyderabad's International Institute of Information Technology, and is working for a PhD in folk painting and culture. **R**

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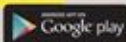
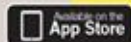
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